

Native German Says Hitler Fooled Backers

Stooge Turns Tables On Supporters Who Gave Him Power

The latest member of the 22nd Company, First Student Training Regiment, is T-3 Herbert Ashe. Ashe was born near Munich, Germany, in 1912. He resided there until 1938 when he came to the United States to escape oppression by the Nazis.

Ashe states that in 1933 when Field Marshal Von Hindenburg appointed Hitler to the Chancellorship of the German Reich, the Nazi Party was not the majority group at that time. However, Ashe states, it is interesting just how they gained control of everything in the German Reich.

The organization that brought Adolf Hitler to the top intended to use him as a stooge to further their own political and economic interests. These circles consisted mainly of big industry and the Prussian military clique. The German people imagined they could do away with him as with so many previous politicians at that time. They were gravely mistaken.

Within a few months all political parties within Germany were dissolved, their property taken away, and their leaders put in concentration camps or liquidated. All essential industries and banks were forced to dismiss their "Liberal" employees and executives. The courts were cleaned of the "Undesirable Elements" and so called reliable men replaced them. New teachers taught the Nazi religion and thus the organization was eliminated.

MASSSES CONTROLLED

The next step was to bring the masses of the people under one control. This was only accomplished by fear, and it was done in that way. The methods might be compared to our own gang world prevalent in the roaring twenties. When a business person was asked to join the party either he joined or took the consequences. The consequences might mean a convenient accident or business might dwindle to nothing. It was their form of protection. Individuals began to distrust each other. No one was free to speak his own thoughts. Your neighbor might be a member of the Gestapo planted to gain information from you. This finally grew so bad that in order to gain favor of the "Big Shots" men would discriminate against each other.

Formerly members of the Reich would greet each other by lifting their hats. This was to be changed. "Heil Hitler" was now the prescription and one not following trouble not to do this or to do otherwise.

CAVE DWELLERS

Of course there were the people who didn't believe in what was going on, and they wanted to live to their own convictions. These were a small minority or were in concentration camps. They still live in caves and in the hills, and in their hideouts all over Germany, ready to help and greet the victorious Americans in their day of victory.

However it is Ashe's conviction that you cannot oppress the human mind indefinitely and he is sure that at the end of the German people will rise against their oppressors as soon as they have the weapons and tools with which to work.

Ashe ends his story by saying, "There is no place like the United States, and no army like the American Army. I am proud to be a member, fighting to rid Germany of the enemies within it."

Soldier Father Buys Bond For 8-Hour-Old Babe

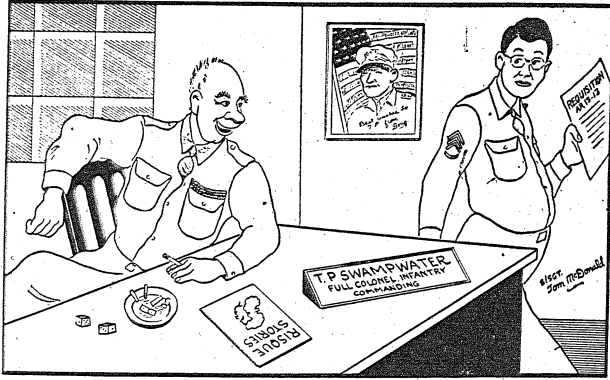
A radiantly happy candidate presented himself the other day before Lieut. James G. Young, bond officer of the Sixth Company, Third Student Training Regiment, and proudly asked for a war bond to be made out in the name of Robert D. Parliament, Jr. "Certainly," said the pleased officer. "How old is the boy?" Parliament pere paused, consulting his watch, half closed his eyes, and made a rapid calculation and then announced brightly, "Just eight hours, sir. I got the little fellow minutes ago and the boys in the barracks immediately took up a collection to buy him a bond."

The candidate previously had made the announcement in the company mess hall to his assembled fellow officer students.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. (CNS)—Sam Ashe, Negro, told a judge that he was cutting his fingernails when his knife slipped and slashed Laura Belle Young making a gash which required 32 stitches. It was the fifth time such things on had occurred, according to witnesses, so the judge sentenced him to five years in the pen.

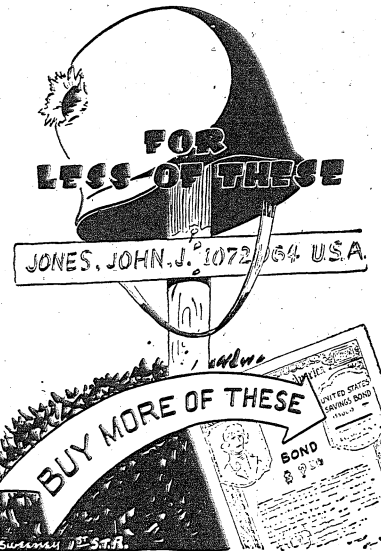
CHICAGO (CNS)—Twenty-two Chicago university coeds are learning the "gentle art" of Jiu-Jitsu because it's a handy thing to know. The instructor is E. J. Cahn who also teaches sailing the same tricks. (Lucky guy—E. J.)

EL BLISS, Tex.—Being chief of Uncle Sam's real cowboys the honor delegated to Pfc. Robert J. Todhunter, Pfc. Todhunter, a recent graduate of the El Bliss school, preparing the three pounds of meat the other ingredients prescribed by the fully diet of the K-9 Command, the army's trained Dogs of War.



AND, SERGEANT, HAVE THEM SEND ME A WAVE, A WAAC, TWO SPAR'S AND A WOW

(Second Prize, Comic Cartoon)



Our America Synonymous With Peace, Happiness

PRIVATE JOSEPH LANGAN, Hq. Co., 29th Infantry

America, land of peace, prosperity and happiness. Three small, simple words. And, yet, how small, how simple are they? These three words form the very foundation for something which the average American does not really appreciate. Perhaps it is because he has always had it. Let us take each of these words, one at a time and analyze it, tear it apart and see just what it really does mean.

What is peace? Some would say that peace means "Not being at war." It means, however, much more than this. Peace means freedom from worry, that wonderful feeling of being able to lie down at night and rise the next morning with a bright and shining countenance, ready to face anything that the world has to offer.

It is the ability to live in a family in the happy knowledge that their lives will be the lives of free men. All these things and many more are contained in that small, simple word, "Peace."

Prosperity, in the minds of many, means wealth and all its accompanying luxuries. Prosperity is really nothing more than the earning of a living. Any man who has found a means of supporting himself and those who depend upon him for support, whether it be with his hands or his brain is indeed a prosperous man.

WE LONG FOR IT

The dictionary tells us that "happiness" is "the state of being happy." The word itself is unpronounceable. But, perhaps we can conceive some idea of its meaning. It is the one thing that every human being strives for from the moment he is born until he has to realize that he has not yet had it. It is peace, prosperity, and many other elements all in one.

These three words form the unshakable foundation which this great country, the United States of America is built. There are some who will say, "Where is our peace today?" "We are engaged in a terrible war, a struggle to the death. Where is our prosperity today?" "We must pay most of what we earn back in taxes and bonds. Where is our happiness today?" Our brothers, husbands and even fathers are engaged in a dangerous struggle where every moment their very lives are in danger.

SWEAT OF BROW

To these people we can only repeat what our Father in Heaven decreed after the sin of Adam. "Henceforth man shall earn his living by the sweat of his brow." Our fathers before us and their fathers before them had to sweat and even die to give us these things we have, until now, taken for granted. We realize all these things now. That is why this great nation, one hundred and thirty million strong has risen as one to shake down the hand of oppression. The hand that would take from us all these hard won treasures.

We will fight. We will work with all our might and main until the enemy is utterly and completely destroyed and unable to again shake that mailed fist that has for the second time in our generation thrown the world into

Tank Accident Takes Life Of Sgt. Flanagan

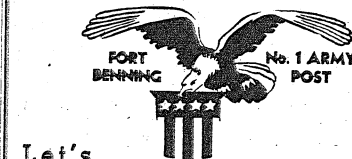
Sergeant John J. Flanagan, 25, was killed April 7 when a tank in which he was riding rolled off an embankment. The accident occurred at the junction of Moye Road and St. Mary's Road, Sand Hill area during a routine battalion training march.

Sergeant Flanagan, as tank commander, was riding in the turret. Other members of the crew escaped with only minor injuries. Sgt. Flanagan was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Flanagan of Allentown, Pennsylvania. His wife, Mrs. Joan A. Flanagan lived at 809 Broadway, Columbus, Georgia. He was a member of Company E, 3rd Armored Regiment of the 10th Armored Division.

Sergeant Flanagan was inducted into the Army April 22, 1941, at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

New York (CNS)—With his clothes aflame, Alfred Helm, Negro, ran screaming through halls in an apartment in Harlem here. Hospitalized, he asked to see Nettie Ventor, Negro, and his self-styled common-law wife. Helm told police later that she had doused him with benzine as he lay on a bed and then tossed a lighted match at him. She denied it. He died several hours later.

Peace, Prosperity, Happiness—AMERICA.



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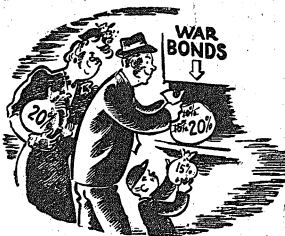
Bring Him Home Sooner By Fighting for Him at Home



MAKE YOURS A VICTORY HOME

You saw the front pages... read the headlines... and afterwards turned strategist... ready to plot roads of victory for Eisenhower and MacArthur. But have you thought of indulging in a bit of home-front strategy... finding ways of beating the Axis in your own backyard. Well, glance below... you'll find 6 ways of doing your share; thus helping our boys achieve an earlier, quicker victory.

Give 10% to Uncle Sam



Give Uncle Sam 10% of what you earn each pay day and he'll make certain there will always be a pay day (no pay days for Axis slave labor, you know). If you can, give more than 10%... better to lend Uncle Sam 15% or 20% (knowing you'll get it back) than have the Axis grab the entire 100%.

Give Time to War Work



If you're a volunteer worker for Uncle Sam you know what a swell boss he is... how richly he pays you in satisfaction and security. If you're not already enrolled in volunteer work, remember, this is your personal war and you're needed... every hour you work brings Victory an hour closer.

Give Up Riding and Sending



It's simple to carry home what you buy... healthy exercise to walk wherever you're going. At the same time you're giving your bus seat to a war worker; saving gas and rubber by carrying your own. Remember, walking and carrying help speed our war effort at home and abroad.

Give a Wide Berth to Gossip



"Button up your Lip" is a slogan for Victory. An unbuttoned lip may mean a sunken ship, a wrecked train, a war plant in flames. If you know or hear anything, true or not, keep it to yourself. Anything to do with ships, troops, ports, or guns should end with you... or it may be the end of them.

Give Attention to What You Have



Our grandmothers were brought up on the proverb "use it up, wear it out, make it do... or do without." That certainly applies to our present modern times. Mend what you have, make it do; you'll be relieving manpower and material for essential war work.

Give Care to Your Victory Garden



Grow the vegetables you eat in your own backyard. Planting and caring for a Victory garden is fun; and you reap rich rewards in garden-fresh vegetables... besides knowing you helped release precious food for our boys and Allies. Spring's here... get busy... start planting.

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FT. BENNING BAYONET

FT. BENNING, GA., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1943

The Benning Bayonet published by the Ledger-Enquirer Company is the interest of the officers and enlisted men of Fort Benning and distributed to all units that make up the Fort Benning community. Policies and statements reflected in the news columns are the expression of the individual writers and do not represent the views of the United States Army or the United States Government. Advertisements in this publication do not constitute an endorsement by the War Department or its personnel of the products advertised. All news material for publication should be sent to the Public Relations Office at Fort Benning, Ga. National advertising representative: The Inland Newspaper Representative, Inc., Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.

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"I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

—Thomas Jefferson.

The Bayonet Contest Was Signal Success

The BAYONET takes great pleasure in announcing the names of those soldiers of Fort Benning who were adjudged the winners in this paper's big War Bond and Stamp contest and extend to them our heartiest congratulations.

The contest was highly successful and the work submitted was of a very high calibre indeed. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to state that the editors and those Columbus businessmen who served as judges enjoy reviewing the entries immensely.

We would like to avail ourselves of this opportunity to extend our note of thanks publicly to the judges who took time from their daily work to cooperate with the BAYONET in this contest. The entries were numerous, especially in the field of poetry. More than 300 selections were offered for the judges' consideration, and this took a great deal of time and patience.

We also desire to thank the hundreds of soldiers who participated and urge them to continue sending in their contributions. The BAYONET will continue to publish their work and will also continue the award of our weekly prize of two dollars to the best poem, cartoon, and original contribution published.

As a parting word, we would like to suggest that winners of war bonds add their awards to their collection of bonds for the duration. Those who won stamps would do well to buy the stamps necessary to fill out the album and convert them into bonds.

Have you bought a Bond this week?
To help Make Mussy really 'seek'?

We Shall Keep Our Faith In America Unbroken

1st Prize, Essay

In an article in my newspaper several years ago, I mentioned our "Eternal Peace." Today we have no peace. We are at war.

In that article I quoted from Col. John MacArthur's famous poem "In Flanders Fields." Again I quote—

"To you, from falling hands we throw
The Torch, Be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though Poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

We have seen fit to come more to engage in mortal combat with that same enemy and their fiendish allies. The spirits of Colin Kelly, Buzz Wagner and many other unnamed, unsung heroes have proved beyond infinite doubt that that torch is held high.

Though the poppies in Flanders Fields have wilted and died from the smoke of renewed battle, the souls of those long-dead heroes still rest in peace, and that peace shall not be broken. They sleep, knowing that their lives, laid on the Altar of Liberty, have not been given in vain. We shall carry to greater glory, to a more lasting eternity, the power and peace that is America.

We shall fight unendingly, to win and preserve that peace, that we may say to our children, "This is your heritage—a free and peaceful world." We fight, too, that our mothers, wives and sweethearts may walk without fear in the security of that freedom. That they may not know the oppression, agony and hopeless finality of mastered slavery.

To Col. MacArthur we answer, "We have not failed, nor shall we close our hearts to the Prayer you gave, but we shall continue in the Grace of God, to give our all, that the dreams of all Americans may never be deluded."

O. C. W. A. Dickson,
6th Co., 3rd S. T. R.

Have you bought a Bond this week?
To help Make Mussy really 'seek'?

Joe Knows Exactly What He Fights For

2nd Prize, Essay

Much has been said and written about the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms; about Vice President Wallace's famous "bottle of milk"; about a plethora of other enunciations and declarations setting forth war aims and postwar planning. In turn, these have met with cries of "Globaloney" and "foolish Utopianism," and other outbursts of subtle, and harsh ridicule.

Naturally, this tends to confuse Private Joe Blisterfoot, U. S. Army. It all sounds vague and indefinite, in an abstract sort of way.

Now, Joe is the all-American Small Guy, a spawn of the dizzy Roaring Twenties. He was pushed around plenty during the depression. He spoked Bull Durham quillies and wore two-bit haircuts. He loathed on street corners and hunted possum because he couldn't find anything to do. People whispered ugly things about him and said he didn't belong; they were sorry for him. But Joe didn't quit, because that was alien to his nature.

Today, a crushed, frightened woman looks to Joe to maintain the feeble light of liberty and freedom—even for life itself.

And what does victory mean to Joe? It means a mother's warm smile and spicy apple pie; it means teasing the kid sister and her bashful beau; a cool bottle of beer when day is done; a doubleheader and a bleacher seat in the

sun in Brooklyn; the smell of new mown hay on the west forty acres in Kansas.

It means raiding Mom's icebox with the rest of the gang at midnight; it means denouncing the waste and inefficiency at Washington, then scripping and saving to pay his income tax; it means a group of housewives exchanging choice bits of gossip over the backyard fence at noon.

It means a long-winded orator spouting profusely on a hot Fourth of July afternoon; it means a hilarious tug-of-war between the married and single men at the Elks' picnic; it means the sun rising over Hogback Mountain, then slipping slowly, like a giant nickel in a slot machine, beyond the western hills; it means a tiny cotton patch in Virginia.

To Joe, victory means him comedians cracking corny jokes over the radio; a billowing wheat field in the middle west; a pretty girl caught in a gust of wind, skirts blowing high; Pennsylvania's golden hills in an Indian summer setting; crickets chirping merrily near the garden pond; mission bells ringing out "The Angelus" over a sleepy California town.

Joe isn't afflicted with delusions of grandeur, nor is he seeking personal aggrandizement. He doesn't even consider himself a hero.

Instead, he only wants the simple, homey things—typically American things—because they are his heritage.

These are the things worth fighting for, Joe figures, as he continues slugging away in training camp and in combat zone.

O. C. Walter F. Rutkowski,
1st Co., 2nd S. T. R.

Have you bought a Bond this week?
To help Make Mussy really 'seek'?

Fort Benning Plants A Huge Victory Garden

The good news from the local home front is that the Fort Benning post exchange is planting a huge victory garden on a 50 acre tract located southwest of Lawson Field on the Ferry Road. From this soil will come fresh vegetables with which to supply the boards of the families of military personnel stationed at Fort Benning.

The garden will be under the direct supervision of Major Alexander H. Vessey, assistant exchange officer, and planting will go on during the spring, summer, and early fall.

All post officials who are giving their backing to this worthwhile project are to be congratulated. Families on the post will be enabled to guard their precious rationing points and fill out their meals only when necessary from the proceeds of the small but important coupons. Meanwhile those who have small plots available for victory gardens would do well to emulate this project.

More than vegetables come out of a victory garden. There is wholesome exercise, neighborliness with the gardener next door, and the fresh clean power and outlook drawn from simple things which set us walking and breathing freely once more.

The more fresh food we raise at home the more we can send to our fighting boys and our hungry allies, the more each of our homes will live in ease. Victory gardening is not only a national service, it is a world necessity.

The soil which we can pick up in handfuls and run through our fingers is worth more than gold. It is our basic wealth. For those who have gotten away from the soil and for those who never could leave it, the pleasure of growing things is the same. Whether we have a ten-by-ten garden plot or a 100 acres the rich spiritual rewards of the soil are the same. One man called gardening "a constructive job in a destructive age."

As America gets back her love for the soil, she gets back her deepest national strength. The soil re-ignites the miracle of Easter under our very eyes. As we come to love the soil, we begin to remember God.

"Earth is God's living workman. Are by age abundantly it turns death into life."

Garden clubs, newspapers, radio stations can furnish attractive instructions to the new gardener and helpful hints to the experienced gardener. The other qualifications of a victory gardener are hard work, patience and love of America. These are the qualities that made America great. These same qualities in all of us will make her victorious.

An ideal may stand forever but a nation never stays put. It must constantly grow closer to its ideal or it will surely fall away from it.

We strongly guard today the ideals we took too lightly yesterday. Yet even now they can die within the circle of our guard unless we regard them highly enough to live them.

For a noble vision to come true, somebody will have to start living nobly.

Faith doesn't come along by itself, like the next bus or trolley car. You have to go after it. It takes hard work to really believe in something.

Life is interlocked these days. No one can fall at living without causing a collapse in someone else.

Have you bought a Bond this week?
To help Make Mussy really 'seek'?



(First Prize, Serious Cartoons)

USO Presents—

LESSON IN ARGENTINE TANGO
AND NEW HOSTESS HOUR PROGRAM

By PVT. SHELDON A. KEITEL

"Muchas gracias" was the reply from Benning's boys when classes in expert instruction in the Latin dances was inaugurated at the Ninth Street USO Monday night. . . . Instructor is Joe Dayan, who formerly gave exhibitions in New York and taught the intricacies of the Argentine tango. . . . Now director of the Columbus Civic theater, he has volunteered his services to the USO. . . . Besides the "one, two, three, kick" his classes which start at 8 p. m. Fort Benning time will also include ballroom dancing for both beginners and advanced pupils.

Capt. Richard Bregren of the Salvation Army USO in Phoenix City announces that the center has bid adieu to general George Hardin as program director. . . . New director there is Mrs. Kathleen Smith, who comes to the USO with six years' experience in recreation work. . . . Mr. Hardin's leave was due to pressing duties in his other job. . . . A new feature at the Phoenix City USO is the Wednesday night "Soldier Sings" at 8 p. m. (EWT) to piano accompaniment. . . . Incidentally the largest turnout in the history of the club was present for the recent minstrel show given by Fort Benning's colored reception center.

A home hospitality program for Easter is being arranged by the USO clubs in Columbus and Phoenix City. . . . Soldiers who would enjoy having a meal on Easter Sunday in a private home are urged to register immediately at their favorite center. . . . Plans call for the event to be as important as the home hospitality program was last Thanksgiving Day.

A new feature at the Ninth Street USO is "the Hostess Hour Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6 p. m. (EWT). . . . Mrs. W. B. Scanlon is chairman and soldier guests will partake of refreshments, nibble cookies and rather around the fireside in the main clubroom. Word has it that there will be no heartache when the mercury hits above 75 degrees.

Pfc. Jack Pokress of the 198th Signal Photographic Company at Fort Benning conducts the Thursday night class for camerads at the Ninth Street USO. . . . Formerly a staff cameraman of the New York Daily Mirror, Pfc. Pokress is a graduate of the Army Motion Picture School having studied at the Signal Corps Photographic Center in New York. . . . The Thursday night meetings, he points out, are doubly helpful to photographers because all who attend explain their own techniques and learn the techniques of others.

Now an aircraft tool maker, Alfred Thist's desire to share his enjoyment of woodworking and novelty making as a hobby with others has led to the classes at the Ninth Street USO Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. (EWT). . . . Specializing in plastics, he states the making of light ornaments and other small "knick-knacks" can arouse an intense interest and at the same time provide the craftsman with a sense of accomplishment.

"Just US," a USO newspaper circulated among soldiers, volunteer workers and professional workers, has made its appearance. . . . Edited by Janet Rastall, it is reported as being "an expression of the appreciation of the total USO activities."

Chaplain's Corner.

THE GLORY OF PETER PAN

Chaplain F. M. Thompson
Some think Barrie's Peter Pan a tragedy and not something to glory in. It could be so interpreted. The people who never grow up, who refuse to take on the burdens of maturity, who always travel on a child's ticket, are not of great value to a community.

The trouble is most of us grow too far up. The spirit of youth, trust, laughter, adventure, trust, disappears. We become hard, cynical. Our state is Missouri.

Now there is a place for Peter Pan in life—a place for the lad who "always wanted to be a little boy, and have fun."

"I called the boy to my knee one day
And I said: 'You've just past
four,
Will you laugh in the same
light-hearted way
When you've turned, say, thirty
more?'"

Then I thought of a past I'd erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face
For it seemed to say: 'Did you?'"

Blessed are those who still stay young as their years grow long. And if the boy in you has gone and age is taking its toll, look up the poem, "The Boys," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, written for a reunion of his college classmates.

Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys,
If there has, take him out
without making a noise.

Then here's to our boyhood,
It's gold and its gray,
The stars of its winter,
The dew of its May,
And when we have done with
our life-lasting toys
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys.

people have come to regard the matter with amusement for here these formerly fortunate people were no better off than the man without a private car.

The situation has brought to Columbus a parallel with conditions in the large cities during the rush hours when subways, "L's," and buses are packed to the limit. During the rush hours in Columbus people are being packed into buses like sardines in a can.

The story is told that the other day a bus was so crowded with human flesh that a woman sneezed and broke the ribs of the man standing next to her! A fat man packed in a bus was forced to draw in his stomach for all of 15 minutes he was travelling from East Wynnont to North Highland in order to make room for his neighbors. After dismounting

(Continued on Page 27)

Key Says—

YEARS AT THE SPRING AND 'TIS
BEAUTIFUL ALL OVER GOD'S EARTH

Recently we had a visitor from the middle west, here for her first taste of the south. Unfortunately, during the two weeks she was here, we had one of those unceasing spring rains with which some of us are familiar. Our visitor, we feel sure, went away convinced that Georgia is a damp and uncomfortable place.

On the other hand, we have a friend who is in agonies of dread at the prospect of moving out to South Dakota, a state which she feels must be beyond the bounds of civilization. The prospect of doing all her own work appals her; visions of endless plains terrify her.

PROVINCIALS AT HEART
Perhaps we're all provincial, in our own way. Our home town and our home state look best and it is with great reluctance that we admit the advantages of any other locality. The wife from New York, lauding the merits of Macys', has no idea that she is as provincial in her way as the girl who longs for the comfortable friendliness of her favorite store in Oshkosh.

Sit back and settle down to your environment, and you find that any place in these United States can be an enjoyable place to live. The sun rising over the great plains of the Dakotas is the same sun you watch coming up over the Rocky Mountains, and just as magnificent a spectacle. Spring, whether it comes with breath-taking suddenness as it does in the south, or with slow reluctance, is a season to be enjoyed to the utmost before the onset of summer.

Sgt. McDonald's Basket

COL. SWAMPWATER PUTS VILLA
BEHIND 8-BALL WITH BILLIARDS

3rd Prize, Essays
It's quite comfortable up here in our office once you get comfortable. It was with this thought in mind that I planted my right ankle over my left ankle, which was in an oblique position on my desk, when General Quagmire's "aide de camp," Second Lieutenant Jericho hastily made his appearance.

"Sergeant!" he quacks, "I beg audience with Colonel T. P. Swampwater."
"Yes, Sir," I drawled, almost turning over my swivel chair in my haste to get up, "Right this way!"

As we entered, the Colonel gave us a dirty look and hastily shoved a copy of Spitey Tales into the drawer of his desk.
"Lt. Antonio Jericho, aide de camp to General Quagmire, to see you, Sir," I announced.
"Yes, Sir," pipes up Lt. Jericho, "I have come to deliver a message to you, Sir."

"Speak forth, Lieutenant," encouraged the Colonel, offering him a stick of his precious chewing gum, a fact that rather surprised me as he usually reserved this token of hospitality for the "higher brass."

"Thank you, Sir," continued Lt. Jericho, "My immediate superior, Sir, desires your presence at a poker game to be given at your quarters on pay day night."

"Shades of Salome, Lieutenant! I must comply, but off the record, I am extremely vexed. I lost two dollars the last time Quagmire pulled his rank on me. But tell him I'll be there. I place duty above personal sacrifice."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, "Sir, but I shall tell him, Sir," replied Lt. Jericho, saluting his way out.

As soon as he had gone, ol' T. P. turned to me and said, "Sergeant, that young fellow has a promising future as an officer. Did you hear him call the 'Sir'?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied.
"Well, all he needs is a little campaign experience and he'll really be a credit to the Army."

"Yes, Sir," I added.
"There's nothing like field experience, Sergeant, nothing like it. In spite of that incredulous look in your eye I haven't always been an 'office officer.' I was once the pride of Pershing's Mexican Infantry, an unsung hero of the Mexican rebellion."

"How was that, Sir?"
"Well, General Pershing, my immediate commander, had left me and my platoon holding a deserted village in the thick of the campaign against Pancho Villa."

"The village was fourteen miles from where the main body was battling with that they supposed was the bulk of Villars' forces, but old Pancho was a wild strategist; it seemed he had sneaked out of the battle and was racing toward my village with a troop of his best cavalry for a surprise thrust at Pershing's flank. Young Douglas MacArthur had warned Pershing of this threat but the General had ignored it and proceeded to tell MacArthur that the only thing in the village of any value was the Double X Saloon which had been deserted by the Mexicans during the first American advance. Besides its long bar still stocked with wine, the main furniture consisted of several billiard tables."

"But why take Swampwater out the battle, Sir?" adds MacArthur, "he did all right at the siege of Turkey Creek, didn't he?"

"Well, that's all for now, Sergeant, but will you call the officers' club physician and make an appointment for him to massage my saluting arm."

"Yes, Sir," I replied strolling dutifully to the telephone, and at the same time being fully cognizant of the perplexing profundities of my leader's life."

HOW HIGH THE STARS
How high the stars
And yet the moon is low.
How high is man
Yet little does he know.

How short is life
Yet full of everything.
How strange is death
And yet a common thing.

How great is God,
Yet simple is His plan.
"Peace on this earth
"Good will to every man."

How small we are
Yet how great our destiny.
Yet near for you and me,
O. C. Ernest W. Caine
23rd Co., 3rd S. T. R.

The most important knitting is to knit our neighborhoods together and make the fabric of the nation strong. We can't do it by knitting one and skipping two. A skipped neighbor is more harmful than a dropped stitch.

For Once in a Lifetime Two Wrongs Make Right

BY PVT. COLEMAN C. MOSER, Div. H. 10th A. D.

Well, suppose you could say Private M. S. (Stands for "Military Secret") Thomson, committed two wrongs; but you'd have to be an old military man to have developed such a strange concept of ethics. Only a very stuffy civilian would have been annoyed in the first place and not expected to exact any part of a pound of flesh from poor old "Military Secret."

I haven't any idea who reads these days. The soldiers are much too busy—those who can read. And civilians have little time to read anything except the coupons and the instructions as to how they should be used. So there isn't any explanation why magazines should be doing a better business than ever before—unless the fuel shortage can be a partial explanation. But here we have a magazine that not only reads because it is so silly and yet so pathetic.

You see "Old M. S." was one of the conscientious, patriotic, and well-intentioned old guys who felt he should take his part in this country's war. He had a war job in an airplane factory. He had a wife and a really stuffy one would have expected to exact any part of a pound of flesh from poor old "Military Secret."

On the day above mentioned, he went off with the rest, standing in an open truck with a smile in his eyes and laughter on his lips—no different from all the others, and therefore not particularly noticeable. But it was a shame the sergeant's own attack of humanity in the last two months wasn't also tempered with a bit more knowledge. The blow wouldn't have struck quite so hard otherwise. You can say he had to wake up sometime and you'd be right. But it is a shame to see a nice sleep roughly broken off. If you need proof of this, drop in for a revile and a little more knowledge.

ROSE TINTED GLASSES

When these soldiers finally got to the Classification Center, they were given a glowing picture of a speedy advancement open to all who went to school for 13 weeks under the Army Specialist Training program. It sounded beautiful—and it was beautiful. But there were certain negligible conditions which had to be met to get consideration. You have heard of the Army's minimum requirements. One group 18-22 only had to have graduated from High School. The other group had to have a college degree. With a masters degree behind him, M. S. felt pretty cocky. The lad on the platform, announcing from picture of a nice, shiny lieutenant's bars, pricked the bubble of hope for the Jokers. The age limit was 28. About a dozen got up and walked over the feet of their neighbors to the aisles, turned in their questionnaires, and walked out. They were a pretty disappointed lot. Some had been drafted and all were doing a lot of wondering.

You can bet it took a lot of mental strain even for M. S. to get himself back into the frame of mind where he thought he was doing the best he could for his

country when he had just had his dear old Uncle Sam stand at the door of advancement in his face.

Maybe Uncle is right and knowledge and experience together with a spirit willing and eager to serve do not balance youth when it comes to war. But it is hard for an older man to see the reason, when he has lived all his life in a world where those human attributes were always considered the first requisites of success.

The Classification Center is a good two miles away from our barracks. I guess you can imagine that a long and lonesome road that must have been to M. S. that particular day. The bright sunshine and the faint smell of the tall, straight pines along the way weren't so invigorating as they had been on the way over. He had a long skinny bird with him who was in the same category, and I imagine they spoke cheerfully enough, but I rather suspect the words came from a different part of the mind from that strange Gethsemane where most of existence takes place.

WASN'T WORRIED

When they got as far as the Headquarters buildings where they both worked, M. S. made the excuse that he had to get something and went off by himself. John Maklin, the long lad, came back by himself. He did enough nervous pacing up and down the hall to indicate that the terms were pretty busy guzzling his gizzard too. But he wasn't worried about "Military Secret" Thomson. He wasn't even surprised that M. S. didn't show for chow—he often ate at the PX. But we were all surprised when he came in so late and was obviously so upset.

It took a bit of doing, but we finally got the story, and it is really the damndest picture of an absent-minded professor act you ever heard of. It did nobody any harm; but this is the Army, M. S. Jones, and Thomson.

He was wandering about lonesome as Wordsworth's much publicized cloud when his unquenchable curiosity led him to the parking lot where the Big Boys leave their trundle buggies. There was a long green jeep standing there. It was a pretty big one. Why shouldn't it? It belonged to Major Hanford of G-3 Air. May-Jones and the Air Corps or maybe, as he says, he wasn't thinking at all.

MAYBE SO, MAYBE NOT

He had just walked two miles and maybe he just wanted to sit down, as he says. Maybe he has a car exactly like that Green Jeep—there is no reason to doubt his statement on that. And there was nothing really wrong in his sitting there behind the wheel. I have an idea that his subconscious had picked him up and carried him back to sit in his own car to wait for his wife who was wearing shoes, or a football. But in this case, the subconscious rather overdid its benign function. It left him there long enough on his imaginary shopping tour or his trip through his own green Connecticut to invite the Major to get in. When he finally saw him standing beside the car, he was reaching over to open the door like a true host when the enormity of

what he had just done struck him. "Well, I'd rather do something than nothing—and I might accidentally learn something about soldiering at the same time."

What could you do with a guy like that, except shrug and smile? There it is. Wrong No. 1: He should have been in the Army.

Wrong No. 2 was a direct and completely inevitable result of the first wrong.

If you know the Army at all, it will not surprise you to learn that he was one of about 20 selected from our company to go over to Division Classification a couple of weeks ago. The whole bunch were pretty excited; because I don't care who you are or where you are in the Army, you always feel you have done something. And they are only being kept where you are out of sheer malice on the part of your top sergeant. I guess the sergeant knows this as well as anyone. He was human once. And this time he was human enough to give "M. S." a chance or what he thought was a chance. Like all the rest of us, M. S. thought he could do better elsewhere, and his ambition was to get into the Air Corps to take part in the development work on the Hallicon (look it up—it's not unlike the Ornithion Paradoxus in its versatility). Of course, he could have stayed with Mr. Sikorsky at six times his present salary, but why go into that.

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Sure he blames lots of people for letting the war happen, but he's first one I have run into who blames himself most of all.

He's been here with the rest of us, pushing his round little forty-year-old body over the same long dusty roads as the rest, looking like a khaki Santa Claus with his pack on. He did all right, too. Never out front, but never last either. And the dope even volunteered for extra duty when the Sergeant started picking out volunteers. His explanation for doing this was all of a piece with the rest of his strange philosophy of human behavior. He simply said:

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YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS—IF YOU HADN'T WRITTEN TO THE GENERAL ASKING FOR SAUCERS, WE WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW //

Swiss O.C. Declares Reich Not Beaten Yet

Hitler, Not People, Will Decide Time Ripe For Surrender

Germany is far from being defeated and will not give up until actually invaded, according to Officer candidate Maurice Wyss, 28, of the Second Student Training Regiment, who was born in Switzerland and lived there for 17 years until he came to the United States.

Basing his observations on early contacts with German students and travels in Europe, Wyss believes the German state of mind is far different than it was when the nation collapsed in 1918.

"It is dangerous for us to think that Germany was in defeat," he said. "She will not be defeated until our armies have crossed her borders," Wyss declares. "We are not up against a mere 'mopping up' situation in Europe. We must expect to make heavy sacrifices."

GERMANY STRONG

Wyss, who is in a stronger military and economic position than she was in the last war, Wyss says that "the Kaiser was a failure. He was not the 'thinking' people of Germany, but Hitler will decide whether Germany shall fight on."

"Hitler has everything to lose if he gives up now. And he still has plenty left to fight with," Wyss says. "He symbolizes the mentality of the German people more than any other word, according to Wyss, who says the

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Japanese prisoners on Guadalcanal called the P-39 Airacobra "the long nose airplane." Some of them admitted that they feared intensely this "long nose" when flown by United States Air Forces pilots.

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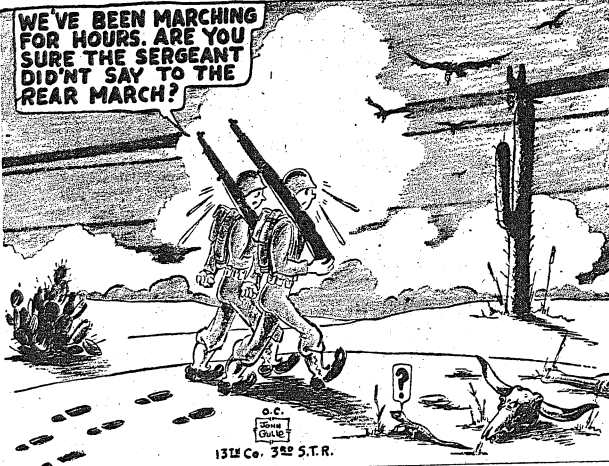
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It can tell you it looked to us more like mean malice than Army discipline, and it is those who have the Army anyway plenty of chance to shoot off their faces. It shut up those who customarily argue the point in good-natured disagreement. But because they had to take it without answering, they were getting pretty sore and, for the lack of arguments, resorted to personalities; so the place was a seething mass of hate, very near the point of physical expression—fisticuffs to you, Veices, never to be raised to the proverbial pitch of fishwife. Nobody cared that family quarrels were being broadcast through the whole company in this battle of wit-wits.

Night-Duty Officer Runs Gamut Of Pathos-Bathos

Locates Diapers, Reunites Sons With Parents, Lectures Derelicts

SUBJECT: Night duty.
TO: First-Lt. John Doe.
1. This will notify you that you have been detailed on duty at this headquarters for the period from 1730 EWT, April 8, 1943, to 0830 EWT, April 9, 1943. One enlisted man will be on duty to assist you with this detail.
This is the harmless sounding first paragraph of an order received about every fortnight by members of the station complement assigned to headquarters at Fort Benning. No matter what the officer's regular duties may be, for the night he has the job of an assistant adjutant and sees to it that all necessary action is taken in an emergency.
The events of the night may be commonplace; they may be hectic, and again they may be emotionally dramatic.
WHERE'S A DIAPER?
Take for example one junior officer on duty recently who received an emergency call from one of the hostess houses demanding some diapers in a hurry. Where in the world was he to get them at midnight? Harried after several fruitless calls here and there, the happy thought struck him to try the Red Cross. He



13TH CO. 352 S.T.R.

"doed it," and in a short while, the baby, the mother, the Red Cross, and the officer were all happy again.
Sometimes the man on night duty must find quarters for a new unit being sent in and this generally occurs at 2 a. m., when the unit was not expected until noon of the next day. If the unit is a small one, some place can generally be found to house the men—but when it's a mighty hard core.
HEAVY TOLLS
On one occasion a St. Paul, Minn., police department official called to check on his son who was supposed to have completed an OCS—but had neglected to tell the home folks whether he had made the grade. The enlisted man always on duty with the of-

ficer happened to be from St. Paul and the two merrily passed the time of day—or night. The soldier wanted to know all the news of home while the police officer was so excited about finding somebody who actually knew his son that he babbled on and on. Later he called the officer and asked what the call cost him. "Nine dollars and 76 cents, sir," she said sweetly.
On another occasion an irate woman seeking her officer husband refused to believe that he was not within whistling distance and hung on for nearly half an hour, calling from Louisville, Ky. Nothing gives the night duty officer a bigger kick than having been instrumental in reuniting a soldier with some member of his family.
Last Christmas Eve a father and mother, the latter wearing three silver service stars, drifted into headquarters. They were on their way to an Alabama camp to visit a son, and en route the happy idea occurred to them to buy a ton of Yule gifts and deliver them in person. They had driven far off their heads, but when they got here, all they could remember was that this son was an officer candidate.
JOY AND GLOOM
With just this wee bit of information, the duty officer began his round of phone calls. The results of his calls were reflected on the faces of the anxious parents. Joy, then gloom, then joy again. The target was hit after the eighth or ninth call with the information that the son would be on his way to join his parents in half an hour. It was a lucky break for all concerned as the soldier was preparing to leave for town to spend Christmas Eve with friends.
Others have not been so lucky. Officers have known relatives to follow an impulse and hop a bus for Benning to see a son or nephew upon failing to hear from him in several weeks.
Recently an uncle and a brother rode all night on a bus from Macon to see a soldier who had been sent to Benning from Hawaii. Bedraggled and worn, they walked into headquarters at dawn asking for Bill. The usual calls to the APO and other headquarters followed. Finally it was learned that the soldier had been transferred to another post. No graphic description is adequate enough to paint the disappointment written on the faces of those two weary men.
"I WANT TOM"
Few laymen have any idea concerning the size of Uncle Sam's training camps. Long distance calls are received almost nightly from different sections of the country asking for Tom, Dick, or Harry. All they know is that the doughboy is at Fort Benning and they cannot realize what a task it is for the duty officer to locate anyone in a few minutes with no facts to go on except name and rank.
Often callers become quite indignant because Private Smith or Jones cannot be located immediately. The callers appear to think that the man on duty at headquarters ought to be able to press a button and summon anybody in camp within two minutes.
"Well, it's a funny Army," exclaimed one irate lady one night. "I should think you'd know who was in your old camp." After much explaining she was made to understand that it would take several miles of filing to keep track of each individual person.
As a matter of fact, the Army Post Office does endeavor to keep an index of all men on the post, and generally the missing soldier can be found through the APO's files. If every soldier could serve a

'Rabbit Cop' Takes Kidding As Clean Fun

Although he must endure a lot of good-natured kidding about being a "rabbit cop," Officer Candidate Robert D. Parham's experience as a state game warden stands him in good stead in his course here with the Sixth Company Training Regiment.
During the years that preceded his enlistment in the Army from his home city of Charleroi, Pa., Parham tramped trails, patrolled forests and learned unforgettable lessons in scouting and stalking. He learned much from his father, who also was a game warden, before entering the Pennsylvania State School for Game Wardens.
His duties as a warden were many, including trapping, apprehending violators, game management, forestry, land acquisition, maintenance of hunting grounds and public relations.
tour at headquarters for just one night, his first step next morning would probably be that of visiting the APO to sign a card with a telephone number at which he could be reached in an emergency.
Nor would he neglect to write home regularly. Fortunately one cannot quarrel with the great rank and file of Uncle Sam's huge army on the point of writing home.
But not so long ago the night duty officer received a much-handled letter addressed in pencil to "Fort Benning, Ga." nothing more, nothing less. The envelope bore the postmark of an Alabama hamlet. It read in effect:

WRITE ME A LETTER
"Dear Sir: Will you please ask my boy, Private So-and-So, to write to his mother. I have not heard from him in ten weeks." That's all there was but it was enough.
The duty officer finally located the soldier, and going beyond the call of duty (to which he was assigned for the night) gently admonished him to get out his pen and paper. The boy had been rather busy and had let the letter-writing matter slip from day to day. He was ashamed of himself and admitted it. The promise was made that the letter would leave in the next mail.
"This will notify you that..." And there's no telling what the events of the night will bring.

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Stickerless Cars Tagged By MP's

Several hundred automobile drivers who have not obtained their Fort Benning license stickers, or may have forgotten to paste them in their windshields, were tagged today as Military Police were ordered to check on all motor vehicles on the Post.
Those who received tags must report to the Provost Marshal's office, it was explained by Major W. D. Veal, Provost Marshal. If they have already secured their Fort Benning registration card, it must be pasted up. If they have not, they must secure one.
Regulations for motor vehicles provide that a driver must register an automobile within 24 hours after bringing it to the post. A registration fee of ten cents is charged to pay for the stickers.
Permission to drive a vehicle on the Post may be revoked if the driver violates most regulations, Major Veal stated.

1ST STR PROMOTIONS
Colonel Robert Sharp announces the following promotions in the First Student Training Regiment: To be staff sergeant, Sgt. John Coffey; to be sergeant, Cpl. John

E. Talpaire; to be corporals, Pfc. 5th Gr., Pfc. Burton E. Benson, Leonard S. Cooper, Techn., 1st Pfc. Marvin L. Evans, Pvt. Willard E. Moser; to be Techn., Liam E. Hood.



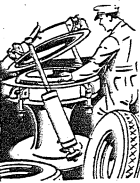
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OPP. ARMY-NAVY U.S.O.

PFC Blooey Reinstated In C.O.'s Good Graces

Gets Book Larnin' Then Becomes Chaplain's Official Assistant

By PFC. S. E. SUSSINA
71st Eng. L. Pon. Co.

The telephone rang at Mercy On On for the ninth time in thirty-five minutes last Thursday night after the Fort Benning Bayonet was distributed among the Post personnel.

Why all the telephone calls? This time it was the Third training regiment. The First and Second had already called. The 71st Engineers had called along with the 124th Infantry the 300th Infantry and three or four other "School Troops."

All the commanders of the above organizations have had at one time or another Pfc. Blooey in their company. Having learned that he was without a company and was staying with the Law-son Field chaplain, they called to inquire about him. The next day he was called to the 71st Engineer's repair section of the First Under Ground Balloon Corps who called and asked if the one and only Pfc. Blooey wouldn't please pay their company a visit because they were scheduled to go across and the C. O. wanted his men to call when they were in the States.

REFUSES TO GO

But Pfc. Blooey wouldn't go. Last week when he was left out in the cold by the W.A.A.C.s because he didn't officially belong to any company, the chaplain took him in. After a week of "Book Larnin'" Pfc. Blooey was officially the chaplain's assistant. Although Holy Joe, Jr. spent most of his time in the chapel, he rationed and quartered with his former company, the 71st Engineers.

Pfc. Blooey always did like the 71st, but he never cared much for the food. According to Pfc. Blooey we still

get fed a lot better than the poor boys in civilian life. Blooey found it was good to make a lot of "Points" in the army but he says that in order to live on the outside now you've got to have points. Pfc. Blooey had cheese and bologna Friday night for dinner and he didn't have it again until Sunday night. . . . Saturday night he had bologna and cheese.

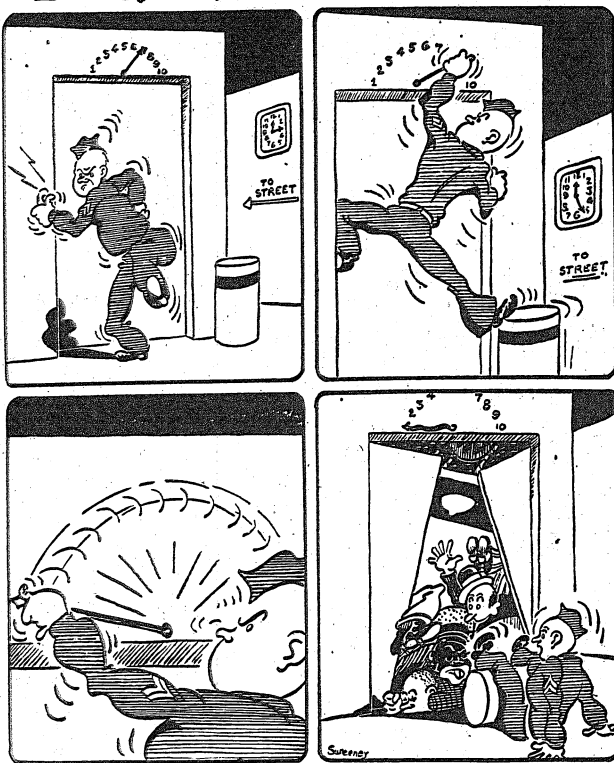
After a week with the chaplain a glorious day dawned for Pfc. Blooey. His request for a transfer back to the 71st was returned. The 28th Engineer's indorsement approving the 15th indorsement ordered compliance with the basic communication. Pfc. Blooey came home.

WARM WELCOME

When he reported in at the 71st a warm welcome awaited him; a warm welcome which is seldom seen. The fire actually came out of the orderly room door followed by Technician Sixth Grade Pfc. Blooey. After a little fatherly advice given by the "Old Man" Pfc. Blooey was assigned to the motor pool to help the mechanics. A great change had occurred. Pfc. Blooey had discovered at OCS that work was something that was expected of all Engineer Soldiers, especially him. At the time, Pfc. Blooey didn't know a gas tank from a carburetor but a little night school helped him out. Night school (extra duty as additional instruction) started for Pfc. Blooey when he tried to siphon the crank case dry when he was told to check the hypoid. It was agreed by all, even Pfc. Blooey, that he would never get anywhere if he spent all his time in the motor pool, so he was reluctantly taken into the supply to learn how that part of the company functioned.

Pfc. Blooey was what you would call a fair worker. He would continually break ramrods so he could go to Ordnance and see his girl when he salvaged them. Since he never could drive, he had to ask

1st REGIMENT RED



Wags Advocate Bundles For Home Front Move

Some wag recently made a crack to the effect that men in the army should write home more often in order to bolster civilian morale, while another suggested that we start a "Bundles For The Home Front" movement. That such things are not just humorous gags is proven by occasional incidents around Fort Benning.

The other night a man in one of the 10th A.D. day rooms was wrapping a parcel or assorted candy bars for his family in St. Louis. He explained that he had written, asking his people to send some candy. They replied that none was to be had in the local shops.

IMPRACICAL ITEMS

Another soldier received one of those amazing gift boxes containing a wealth of impractical items. Among the oddments and bitments was a box of tea bags, inasmuch as (a) the army has overlooked providing us with tea kettles (b) this man doesn't care for tea anyhow and (c) he has no relatives who do, he turned the tea bags over to a guy who has a maiden aunt living in Boston.

Rookies arriving at Fort Benning during the few weeks preceding Christmas were somewhat distressed on discovering what they supposed to be the limitations of the P.X.'s and looked forward to the lifting of the three weeks restriction when they might once again taste the sweets of civilization in that spectacular Paris of the South, Columbus.

ANTE-CLIMAX

The eagerly anticipated visit to town, unfortunately, proved to be an ante-climax in some respects, due to no fault of the city and its fathers. Candy was about as plentiful as free speech in Munich and the coffee which tasted like something Lucrécia Borgia might have whipped up in one of her less amiable moods, was limited to one cup per customer. Only in the USO's, which are, after all, sorts of army embassies with

extraterritorial privileges, were the rookies able to secure in plenty the little luxuries which are taken for granted in garrison. Manifestly these conditions are not peculiar to this part of the country but are nationwide. Americans are a very long way from suffering hardships in civilian life and the possibility of their doing so is rather remote. It is only that we are all learning the real difference between necessities and luxuries and the knowledge is bound to do us more good than harm.

Gag Results In Long Trip

Befriending a downcast newsman back in 1931 in Oshkosh, Wis., Elmer Clark, now an officer candidate in the Second Company, Third Student Training Regiment, found himself embroiled in a series of circumstances which caused him to travel over most of the globe the hard way and not get home for four years.

It all started when Candidate Clark and a friend gave a "big" story to a newspaper reporter who was low in spirits because he had muffed an assignment. The story was that the two were planning a round-the-world trip in a 30-foot boat.

The trouble lay in the fact that the yarn was not entirely true, but the press and radio made so much of it that Clark and his friend felt they had to go through with it. They journeyed East.

On the basis of an agreement with a tobacco company and a movie actress, both of whom had promised a certain amount of backing for publicity reasons, the two plunged their savings into a 30-foot sloop. At the last minute, both "angels" withdrew.

Clark and his friend began fish-

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Hollywood Accordionist Entertains O. C. Pals

someone to take him, and then he told the girl that the fellow outside was his chauffeur.

As the next day was Saturday, Pfc. Blooey had to get ready for inspection. All the windows were clean as a whistle due to base ball practice the day before. Blooey had an exceptionally dirty rifle. Since Blooey wanted to be an "on line soldier" he made up his mind that his rifle was going to be the best looking one in the company. Pfc. Blooey went to work with some steel wool and metal polish. Then he put his rifle in the rack intending to get it the next morning.

SERIAL NUMBER SALVAGED

The next morning all that was left was a small pile of rust and serial number. He salvaged the serial number and the remainder cost him approximately forty-seven dollars and a few odd cents. Pfc. Blooey still remembers reading that abrasives are not to be used when cleaning a rifle.

God knows how he did it, but Pfc. Blooey finally got through the inspection. After inspection a short class was held for additional instruction. Even in OCS Pfc. Blooey couldn't pay attention and you can't expect a fellow to change too much in a few weeks. When asked where the balance of the rifle was Pfc. Blooey said, "This is all they gave me, Sir." Even the Engineers can only take so much so the class dispersed and the company was given the afternoon off. That is, everyone except Pfc. Blooey. He had to pull guard.

SHOOT'S COW

Pfc. Blooey had to take his faithful 30 down to Engineer Landing and guard all the company equipment for a full twenty-four hours. In the middle of the night a huge

An outstanding accordionist who has hobnobbed with the movie stars of Hollywood and played the land now entertains his fellow officer candidates in the 18th company of the Third Student Training Regiment.

The accordion player is candidate Richard McCarthy, formerly of Los Angeles, Hollywood, and points east and west. He has played one night and one week stands all over the nation. His repertoire ranges from Rimsky Korsakoff to Cole Porter and Irving Berlin.

Not only has McCarthy played at many Hollywood parties as an entertainer, but he also has played for moving pictures. Among the stories of his experiences with the stars, his fellow officer candidates love to be regaled with the story of his presence at an unusual party given by Harry Carry at his ranch after the filming of "The Shepherd of the Hills," a film in which McCarthy played.

NAMES A FEW

The officer candidate, when asked to tell who was present, agrees to name a few of them including Betty Grable, Betty Fields, Bing Crosby, Abbott and Costello. The highlight of the party was the showing of a film collection of funny sequences made by famous comedians from the earliest days of the movies to the present time. He recalls scenes taken in the year 1910 as

Now He Knows Why So Many Refuse Bars

There's nothing so nice as having friends—at any cost. Just ask Mr. Arthur Frieman, newly made warrant officer. Prior to the administration of the oath Mr. Frieman was Technician Grade IV and as such, had many buddies and their arms bore as many different degrees of stripes.

When word got about headquarters, of the First Student Training Regiment that Technician Frieman had received his appointment, and that Lt. Morrison was about to administer the oath of office, a group of wellwishers rapidly gathered to witness the momentous occasion. Everything came off in big style, not a single hitch. Lt. Morrison shook the new Warrant Officer's hand, congratulated him, and wished him good luck.

Warrant Officer Frieman rendered his first salute in his new rank, did an about face, took one step forward—and stopped dead in his tracks. There facing him was an apparition horrible enough to stop even a newly made general. There facing him were three of his buddies all drawn up as "hand cads." Hand salute at one buck per salute.

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I'll Lay Me Down To Bleed Awhile Then Get Me Up And Fight Again

Ex-Lance Corporal,
Veteran of Somme,
Is TIS Student

George Buick Leslie, of Ridgeport, led a platoon of the famed Canadian Royal Highlanders through six weeks of the battle of the Somme, now 27 years later, is readying himself to resume the war against the Hun, this time in the Army of the United States.

In the last war, George Leslie became a platoon leader through the elimination process of the war, but a commission in the Royal Highlanders. Standing well over six feet, lanky and spare of frame, and with a face that betrays his approaching forty-sixth birthday, he is proving to members of Third Student Training Regiment's 11th Company that he has little bearing on agility. And at the same time it recalls to him the difference and contrast between his life here at Benning and at the officer's training school he attended in England back in 1918.

18 MONTHS after a candidate had to have a year of front line duty to his credit before he was eligible for officer's school, Leslie had eighteen months before he left the battlefields of Europe to return to England to receive his commission.

Recalling those three months he tells a story of a life strangely in contrast to ours. Gigs, manuals and specialized instructors were unknown. Since all had spent a year in battle, tactics were studied only briefly. The emphasis was on close order drill and that was done in the streets of the town near Brighton where the school was located.

However, the truly fascinating story is of those eighteen months on the front. It was during the battle of the Somme that he found himself in charge of his platoon for six weeks. Two platoon leaders and three non-coms had been killed, three other non-coms were in the hospital when Leslie took over. Leslie realized he was the senior officer.

NO OFFICERS

"We did our job and had no complaints, and I guess that was why no one seemed particularly concerned over the fact we had no commissioned officer over us," he continued. However, his most vivid recollections are of the incredible mud that so decided the battle of the Somme and which only prolonged it for five months. "When the Somme overflowed and flooded the battlefield in December of '16, everyone gave up the war as hopeless when they found themselves isolated on little islands of high ground with no one to talk to except perhaps a German stranded with them. Misery loves company . . . and we had plenty of it then," he explained.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

Born in Scotland in a little town named Arbroath, in 1911, he came to the United States and to Lynn, Mass. Four years later he was on his way to Canada and there he enlisted as a private in the Royal Highlanders, the organization with which he remained throughout the war.

Though almost beyond the age limit he was accepted as a volunteer officer candidate shortly after the United States entered this war. He took his basic training at Camp Croft, S. C., and has nothing but praise for the efficiently complete basic training given during this war to the men of our Army.

With such a wealth of experience to his record it's little wonder that Candidate Leslie is accepted by the men of the 11th Company as an arbitrator of arguments on how they are going to win this war.

CARSON CITY, Nev.—Work of the Nevada legislature has been slowed considerably by the lack of typewriters, and the War Production Board won't allow the purchase of any more machines.

Former French Officer Seeks U. S. Commission

Lt. Martinot Was
Cavalryman; Heart
Is With Infantry

Sous-lieutenant Pierre Martinot of the 12th-Regiment de Dragons, stationed at Colmar in Alsace, is now an officer candidate in the 17th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, after having volunteered and served as a private in a heavy weapons company at Camp Croft, S. C.

The desire to escape from the Cavalry to the Infantry is natural enough to obviate comment, but a Frenchman does not leave France very readily, and Martinot loved his country from the green slopes of the Vosges to the Purple Mediterranean at Perpignan.

There was a conflict of two affections, and Candidate Martinot surrendered to an American girl who is now Mrs. Martinot; he has an American son and American citizenship and speaks American. These and his French birth sent the lieutenant of eighteen years ago unhesitatingly through the rigors of basic training in one of Croft's roughest battalions and on into the relentless pace and concentrated effort of the Infantry School, whence he will emerge early in March a lieutenant for the second time, in arms against the same old enemy.

He was born at Lunville in 1903, but moved to Nancy in 1921. While a student he heard the thundering rival artillery at Verdun as a daily accompaniment to life in Nancy; he learned a hatred for the invader of his land; and when in due course he was called to military service he did not resent being sent with the French Army of Occupation to Düsseldorf and Wiesbaden, a policing job he may repeat some day with an American Army of Occupation.

Before this experience he had won an exchange scholarship to Wooster College and spent the academic year 1922-1923 in the Ohio City. The first visit to America gave the impetus that brought about his permanent residence here a few years ago.

At his conscription he was made a cavalryman because the French military authorities ordained it; but he showed the true infantry stuff in him by winning an appointment to the Officers' School at Saumur after only seven months' training, and by obtaining his commission a few months later. Honorably discharged in 1925 at the conclusion of his period of service, he quit the cavalry forever.

He was sent to New York as representative for a firm of French importers; and in sending him his employers lost him, gained him a wife and changed his citizenship and the flow of his career; for in New York he married an American girl, returned to Europe on an extensive wedding trip and eventually settled again in the American metropolis not as an importer, but as a free-lance commercial artist in an occupation in which he has been active ever since, acquiring a critical and quiet renown as a dexterous and resourceful designer and craftsman.

He specialized in books, endpapers and book jackets, and his talents were utilized by all the major New York publishers. Easy in disposition, little inclined to worry, and with nothing to worry about, Pierre Martinot found life very agreeable until June, 1940, when the Germans over-ran France. He had relatives, friends and memories there. He was cut off from the "by a wall of German iron. He began to worry, and after Pearl Harbor decided there was only one thing for him to do.

What he felt he had to do was not easy—in fact it was impossible for a man of thirty-eight to do it then. Martinot wanted to fight for his new and old countries, but the American armed forces did not then accept recruits of such an age. Not until the promulgation of the V. O. C. plan was he able to induce his adopted country to make use of his willing life in her new swelling army.

He chose the Infantry as the arm he wished to serve in, and all the rest is a familiar history. He volunteered in March, 1942, was inducted at Camp Upton in June, trained at Camp Croft from early August until December, was assigned to O. C. S. on December 7 and has been with the 17th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, ever since.

Cpl. Scott Spends Almost Entire Life At Ft. Benning

Soldiers who regard themselves as Fort Benning veterans should consider the case of Corp. Joseph Scott before they start to boast or complain of the length of time they have spent here. Corp. Scott, who is a member of Company E of the Service Battalion of the Third Student Training Regiment, has spent almost his entire life on the post although he was not inducted into the service until last July.

He is a native of Ochiltee, Ga., which locality was taken over by the government and added to the Fort Benning area shortly after his birth. Scott can recall the "Golden Era" before the war when officers and enlisted men of the post had time to hunt and he acted in the capacity of an unofficial game warden, providing "G. I." grain for wild fowl during seasons when fowling was difficult.

It was nothing unusual, moreover, for Scott to awaken to gunfire and discover his home was an objective in an officer candidate's problem or maneuver.

Except for the few days he spent at the reception center on the Main post last July, Scott has been continuously on duty during his army career less than three miles from the point where he first saw the light of day.

BLANDING, Utah—For 20 years people here have argued whether a horse can travel twice as far in 24 hours as a man. A test was made by Leland Shumway. After 10 hours he had gone 65 miles and the horse had made 135.

Cuban With Armored Tigers Fought in Spanish Civil War

Pvt. Fernandez
Escaped Iberia
On Italian Steamer

Pvt. Carlos Francisco Roman Nicolau Fernandez of Artillery Command, 10th Armored Division, is a man of strong convictions. While giving in Spain back in 1936 he had no difficulty in deciding to fight for the Loyalist cause, even though everything was "confuse." Returning to Cuba, his native country, he offered his technical knowledge to the Cuban government. And when the United States got into the war, he went to work for the U. S. Engineers.

Last November Pvt. Fernandez was drafted into the army of the United States—and was quite happy about the whole thing. The proof of this lies in the fact that Fernandez has just been given his choice of remaining in this army or returning to serve in the Cuban army, and he has not only elected to stay where he is but he has also decided to seek American citizenship. And here is his reason:

"A U. S. loss is Cuba's loss; a U. S. victory is Cuba's victory." Fernandez's main concern now is mastering the English language, and for a man who has been in this country only six months he is doing all right.

TO SPAIN AT 15 Born in Cuba 31 years ago, Fernandez went to Spain when he was 15 years old and received his education in that country. His profession, by the way, is topographic draftsmanship, and he specializes in the making of mosaic maps.

The Spanish Civil War began in 1936 and Fernandez, like everyone else, found his life disrupted. There was no question as to his participation in the revolution because every man, woman and child in the country found himself involved.

"Everyone was a soldier in Spain then," Fernandez expresses it, "and the confusion was terrible. Fathers were fighting against their sons, and brothers against brothers. The fighting would be in this city one day and that city the next day. Around Barcelona, where I was, almost all the officers were killed and there was no leadership at all."

WOUNDED Fernandez remained in Spain for six months after the revolution started and incidentally was wounded several times. He took the first opportunity to escape and left the war-torn country as a refugee aboard an Italian warship early in 1937. Arriving in Italy, he hunted up a friend at the Cuban consulate, and this friend facilitated his passage to France. He returned to Cuba aboard a French liner which made a stop, ironically, at a port in northwestern Spain—but Fernandez felt no nostalgia.

As he looks toward the future, Fernandez has strong hopes that one of the effects of the war will be better relations between the United States and Cuba. He himself feels that he is doing a little to further this objective by serving with the army of the United States—and he is, needless to say, proud of his status as a soldier in this man's army.

PHILADELPHIA—Three-ton Josephine, a zoo elephant, died here at the age of 29 from heart disease. She served as a mascot for the Republican National Convention in 1940.

PRISONERS' MAIL GETS THROUGH

WASHINGTON—Mail addressed to prisoners of war held in Japan is getting through, according to an announcement made by the International Red Cross here. It said word had been received from its representative in Japan that 150,000 letters had been delivered.

HOLLYWOOD—In a rush to catch a train Bing Crosby, crooner, slipped as he leaped from an automobile. One wheel of the car passed over his left leg. Bing made the train with help of his companions but his doctor later ordered him to bed for a week.

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Fame Of Signal Corps Photographers Blossoms From Fort Benning Training

'Chutist Shot By Kortemeier Blanks U. S.

Cameras Have Important Tasks In Training Camps

"U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo," the by-line which frequently appears below pictures in newspapers of Army life in training camps or on battlefields, denotes the unanimity of the famed Signal Corps photographers who sweat out long hours behind and under hefty cameras or cornered in a stuffy darkroom developing the finished products.

Many of the crack Signal Corps photographers in Australia, India, England and on battlefronts with fighting U. S. Army troops first nurtured a Graphex at Fort Benning, where several of the photographic companies have blossomed forth into well-trained units for duty overseas.

The mission of Signal Corps units, however, is not alone one of pictorially presenting life on the battlefronts of the world. Many units have important missions in training camps throughout the United States, photographing life in cantonments where soldiers are preparing for action.

Such is the picture in the Signal Corps Photographic Laboratory at Fort Benning, where a trained crew of cameramen and technicians turn out, top-notch photos under the direction of Captain Herbert W. Cooley, Signal Property Officer.

Many a Signal Corps Photo, produced by Fort Benning's Signal Laboratory, has been reprinted in hundreds of newspapers throughout the country. Among the photos which has received the most widespread distribution recently is photo by Sergeant Donald K. Kortemeier, which pictures four paratroopers as they bailed out of a transport high over Fort Benning. The picture, which appears above, was reproduced



SWINGING INTO POSITION is Sgt. Donald K. Kortemeier, industrious photographer of Fort Benning's Signal photographic laboratory, whose pictures have gained national distribution. Sgt. Kortemeier is shown hanging onto a wireless tower at the post as he prepares to "shoot" another picture. (Signal Lab Photo by Stock.)

and distributed by the three major newspaper syndicates.

"BY KORTEMEIER" is a native of Racine, Wis., apprenticed in photography at Fort Pierce, Fla. During four years prior to enlisting in the Army in 1941, Sgt. Kortemeier was a partner in the Donald K. Kortemeier, which pictures four paratroopers as they bailed out of a transport high over Fort Benning. The picture, which appears above, was reproduced

was assigned to the 161st Signal Photographic Company, where he first wielded a camera for the Signal Corps. Sgt. Kortemeier attended a special course for Signal Corps photographers in New York which is conducted by Life Magazine. There, the Signal Corps photographer perfected his knack with a Graphex and came back to Benning to "cover" events here.

Two other members of the Signal Laboratory here likewise attended Army schools for photographers. Sgt. Edward Bourne, formerly associated with Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., and Corporal Melvin Stock, formerly a free lance photographer in California, both attended the Signal Corps Photographic Center's school in Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

Corporal Sam Bondone, a printer in civilian life from Los Angeles, Calif., and PFC Jack Newman, who was in the wholesale supply business in photographic accessories, round out the male side of the Signal Lab at Fort Benning.

THE WAACS HELP

Auxiliary First Class Elinor McAuliffe, a member of the 43rd Post Headquarters Company of the Women's Auxiliary Corps, has been assigned as a member of the Signal Lab's staff. Auxiliary McAuliffe, who joined the WAACs about three months ago, handles much administrative routine in the Lab, although she has already become adept at operating cameras in the Lab.

Captain Cooley describes the work of the Signal Lab as "one of the most exacting types" of work. When the cameramen accompany members of the staff of Major Russell J. Hammargren's Public Relations Division on assignments, the photographer is usually on a trip where the pictures are "musts."

Such was the case recently when Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, and General Marshall, the Chief of Staff, visited the Post. On that assignment the PRO depended on Sgt. Kortemeier's pictures. So, Sgt. Kortemeier "got" the pictures.

LEWISBURG, Pa. — (CNS) — Bucknell University's Cap and Dagger dramatic society called rehearsal recently for "Knickerbocker Holiday." Then the Army called some of the boys up. Now the dramatic society is rehearsing another play instead—it's called "Ladies in Retirement" and has a predominantly female cast.



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NATION-WIDE DISTRIBUTION of the above photo, which was made by Sgt. Kortemeier, heralds the excellence of the products turned out by Army Signal Corps photographers. This picture, showing four paratroopers in mid-air after they bailed out of an army transport over Fort Benning, was made in a split-second as the static line on the 'chutist in the foreground was about to rip-open his parachute. Newspapers throughout the country carried this picture, including a half-page reproduction in last Sunday's New York Daily News. (Signal Lab Photo by Kortemeier.)

Philippine Vet Explains How To Distinguish Japs

If you encounter an Oriental in a jungle somewhere and want to determine if he is a Jap or a Chinese, ask that individual to pronounce "lalapalooza"—if conditions permit, of course.

According to Candidate Paul Mauricio, formerly of the Philippine Islands and now a member of the 10th Company, Third Signal Training Regiment, there is no letter or sound corresponding to "L" in the Japanese language and, consequently, few Japs, even the well educated, can pronounce a word with a lot of "L"s in it. The best a Jap can do with "lalapalooza" is something like "wawa-pawooza."

A native of Manila, Candidate Mauricio says it is often difficult to distinguish between Chinese and Japanese. Mauricio, however, has drawn up a list of guides to aid the American soldier in this direction and they follow:

1. Japs speak in a staccato fashion with harsh intonations while Chinese speech is soft, slow, pleasant.

2. Jap posture is very poor, usually featured by bowed legs, while the Chinese are erect and carry themselves more like Americans.

3. Japs, as every cartoonist knows, have buck teeth in most instances while Chinese usually have straight teeth.

Candidate Mauricio's family now lives in Honolulu. Mauricio joined one of the all-Filipino regiments training on the West Coast and from there was appointed to Officer Candidate school. His only ambition at the present time is to be an officer among the troops that will smash the Japs out of his native Philippines.

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HERE KORTEMEIER by snapping his shot from the precise angle necessary gives the impression the ship is afloat when in reality it's on the ground. The girl is Peggy Parker, girl reported of the Washington Times Herald.

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Officers, Non-Coms Hand Down Insignia Of Rank After Promotions

Custom Child Of Metal Shortage, Superstition, Or Sheer Benevolence

Variety spices the Army, even when it comes to the disposition of officers' insignia of rank and enlisted men's stripes after promotions have been received.

A poll at Post Headquarters as to what happens to "outmoded" bars and stripes reveals that other officers and enlisted men, scrapbooks and even pillow cases are some of the beneficiaries when promotions occur.

Most officers, realizing the shortage of metals in this nation, follow the practice of passing on their insignia to other officers who are entitled to wear them but lack a sufficient number to satisfy their requirements.

Certain humorous superstitions, as could be expected, also have arisen around the disposition of certain insignia under particular circumstances. For example, it is considered good luck to give away any outmoded officer insignia if it was a present itself to the possessor.

DOLLAR BILL
Some enlisted men, who follow the practice of "being in the loop," take advantage of another such superstition which calls for an officer to give a dollar bill to the first enlisted man who salutes him at the time he is first commissioned. The story runs that one enlisted man who had access to an officer's motion picture list used to wait outside the door of the newly promoted officers on the day their commissions came through and then give a dollar. The soldier often made several dollars a day over and above his army stipend.

Some officers, anticipating the end of the war, keep in mind the fact that most war-time promotions are for the duration only, and save all or some of their insignia for the day when peace comes and they are reduced in rank.

Other officers save one insignia of each rank for a keepsake. For example, Lieut. Col. J. D. Rosenberger, Jr., post adjutant, has a collection of one insignia for each rank he has held. Colonel Rosenberger also follows the practice of keeping some outmoded insignia in his desk so that when an officer is promoted he can give him an insignia befitting his new rank as soon as he sees him. This, the Colonel feels, makes the newly appointed officer feel pretty good to be able to wear his new emblem so quickly.

STRIPES FREE
Enlisted men, as a rule, also follow the practice of giving away their outmoded stripes to other enlisted men entitled to wear them. Master Sgt. Clarence F. King, chief clerk at Post Headquarters, states that stripes which are issued free by the quartermaster corps, usually were worn out by the time additional stripes were awarded in regular army before the war. However, they were generally passed on to others if they were in shape.

Sergeant William H. Simmons, Jr., post headquarters transportation sergeant, gives away his old stripes to other enlisted men with the exception of one pair of summer stripes for each rank. He is saving these to put in a scrapbook after the war. The scrapbook contains the highlights of his life, and he considers the award of each additional stripe a thing to remember.

SWED TO CUSHION
Staff Sgt. Lawrence Rosenstrauch, assistant in the judge advocate's office, also gives most of his stripes away, but he has a novel idea for one pair of stripes of each rank. He is sending them home and is having his mother sew them on a cushion cover. The cushion always will be a reminder to him of his army life and of each promotion in grade he received.

Staff Sgt. Carl Neu, assistant to Col. Stephen E. Massey, director of supply, and who also is attached to the Public Relations Office, the Athletic Office and innumerable other jobs, watches the promotion lists in the various offices and gives his old stripes to enlisted men when they receive promotion.

TO GIRL FRIENDS
One sergeant, who prefers to remain anonymous, admits he sends his outmoded stripes to "all my girl friends." But he says he's always careful to warn them that they are merely tokens of, ahem, admiration and esteem—and not to be worn since the War Department.

a package of cigarettes every day. We have a radio and pick up the London and United States short waves.

"Don't believe the propaganda that comes from Berlin—it's all bull. The French and Moslems are very friendly. So far I'm learning a few French and Arabic words."

AFRICAN GOTHAM
"I was northeast of Casablanca when the president was there. It is about the size of Atlanta and is the New York of North Africa. Right now I'm here in a cork wood forest. This is indeed a strange, unusual and interesting country. The Arabic architecture is beautiful. Have visited some French officers' homes. Have been to the Church of England once. 'One of our men won the DSC in a landing operation here. We'll leave the Japs to the Marines—we know how to handle the Germans.'"

The officer candidate went to sea for several years as a steward, and was in the hotel business when he volunteered for the army. He was recommended for officer training after completing a course in the Non-commissioned Officers school.

Candidate Recalls Zeppelin Raids Of World War I

Vivid recollections of the first Zeppelin raids and the arrival of German troops in Antwerp, Belgium, during the first World War are retained by Candidate Henry J. Wolff, 2nd, who is now undergoing officer's training in the Third Student Training Regiment.

Wolff was with his family in Belgium at the outset of the last war, and witnessed the historical events which took place in the country at that time. He was orphaned at 13, and took over the responsibility of care for his younger brother, who now is reported a prisoner of war in Germany.

The officer candidate went to sea for several years as a steward, and was in the hotel business when he volunteered for the army. He was recommended for officer training after completing a course in the Non-commissioned Officers school.

1st STR Officer Is Jack Of All Trades

Major Danielson Has Tried Hard At All Professions

An officer with an occupational literacy including farmer, aircraft mechanic, gold miner, policeman and tankman in the Armored Force is Maj. Daniel W. Danielson, student member of the Third Company, First Student Training Regiment.

He left the University of California in 1933 with a degree in animal husbandry and the intention of using it in the appropriate occupation of farming. But it was just a step to another occupation for Major Danielson, and he soon found himself a general mechanic. He became a specialist in his new field and in 1936 became an air corps mechanic with the 31st Bombardment Squadron at Hamilton Field, Calif.

Acquiring weight, Major Danielson decided to become a gold miner. This pursuit he followed until the San Francisco Fair opened, and he took the civil service examination for appointment to the metropolitan police force there.

The department was seeking many policemen for temporary duty at the fair, but the major did so well in the examination he got a permanent assignment to the force. He was sent to the San Francisco Police Academy, where he became one of more than 50 students taking a three-month course.

His instruction was in such subjects as first aid, marksmanship and ju jitsu. He characterized the course in ju jitsu as being of most value to him. "Ability in this line," he said, "has stood me in good stead more than once."

Major Danielson's police career ended with a call to active duty in the army in February 1941. He was at Fort Knox, Ky., for a year with the 69th Armored Regiment as maintenance officer. He then transferred.

With his love of action and travel the major is now in what branch? You've guessed it—the paratroops!

24th General Dental Chief Is Lt. Colonel

Major Charles W. Rosmer, chief of dental surgery for the 24th General Hospital, has been promoted to lieutenant colonel. Coming into service with the anticipation of the Tulane unit, 24th General Hospital, Col. Rosmer has been on duty since July, for the Spanish-American war.

1942. Prominent in Louisiana dental circles, in civilian life he was engaged in private practice at New Orleans.

SEATTLE—A 44-year-old letter of recommendation helped secure a job for 70-year-old Charley Burdett. He got a job with the same firm which had given him the letter when he left to enlist in the army for the Spanish-American war.

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Boys Overseas Are Well-Fed

Rationing Reason, Officer Writes Colonel

To anybody in the United States who may be complaining about food rationing—pipe down—because the boys in Africa are definitely getting that food they're going without and because of that our boys are able to fight and work all the better.

That was the gist of a letter received today by Lt. Col. C. A. Will, Plans and Training officer at Fort Benning from Captain Homer P. Harris, formerly stationed here.

Capt. Harris was in command of the quartermaster detachment, section one, when he was a lieutenant at Fort Benning. He now is "somewhere in North Africa" as company commander with an armored force.

FOOD ALWAYS GOOD
"Congratulations on your promotion," he wrote to Col. Will. "News from home comes pretty slow. I am well and O. K. and doing fine. Made the time across in fine shape and landed safely. Have the best group of soldiers in the world. The Quartermaster really fights and does the work too, over here. The food is always good."

"If anyone at home kicks about the rationing—tell them that we are getting it. Each man also gets

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that he is expected to play. The customers that he serves every other day receive only A-1 milk and it is his duty to see that the milk is wholesome and pure and contains only beneficial elements. Wells' dairymen are loyal and have vowed themselves toward the same service that they have always given.

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Texas Golfer Takes Course

Singletary Played All Top-Flights

If one of Texas' best young amateur golfers can be as good an officer as he is a golfer, then the 2nd Student Training Regiment will be producing a mighty good officer.

The young man is Sgt. John P. Singletary of the 20th Company and Beaumont, Texas. A golfer since he was fourteen, the sergeant is one of the many fine athletes in the company. For the last twelve years he has been playing golf in Texas, the Pacific Coast, and the Mid-West. During this time he has met some of the nation's top golfers, both professional and amateur. Included in this group are men like Byron Nelson, Lawson Little, Dutch and Jimmy Hines, and such amateurs as Henry Todd, Don Schumaker, Reynolds Smith, and Jack Munger.

A list of the tournaments played in and the ones won shows that John is a pretty mean boy with the woods and irons. He has played in such tough meets as National, Western, Texas and Houston Opens, the Western Amateur and Calveston Invitations.

In the Houston Open, Singletary tied for fourth place. In that tournament he had to face some of the country's top stars and did very well to tie for fourth place. Another excellent showing was in the Beaumont Invitational when he defeated one of the Lone Star State's top golfers, Don Schumaker, in the finals.

Singletary has been in the Army for the last two years, during which he has been stationed at Headquarters 3rd Army, San Antonio, Texas. In this time he has played in two tournaments, the National Open in Fort Worth in June 1940, and in the Army tournament in San Antonio. In the latter, he won second prize.

John has had several fine rounds, one of his finest being a 66-67 on the Pine Grove Country Club in Beaumont, which stands as the course record. These good scores are mainly due to a fine approach game.

Army Provides Timely Hit Kits For Doughboys

Although he may be a long way from home, the American soldier will never feel far from Broadway under the new plan of the Army to provide every soldier with copies of the latest song hits.

Lt. Col. Charles E. Finnegan, special service officer at Benning, says.

To meet a demand from the ranks for songs which soldiers can play and sing, especially for late popular numbers, Army authorities have prepared a special packet of new song hits, containing the words and music to six popular songs.

The packets are called "Hit Kits" and will be sent to all units each month, starting at once.

Twenty-one of America's outstanding names in radio and the popular music field have agreed to serve as a committee, with Fred Waring as chairman, to select the "Hit Kits" and will be sent to all units each month, starting at once.

Each man has an opportunity to handle and set off 14 different charges. Individual initiative and ingenuity are encouraged, since "store bought" explosives are seldom available under combat conditions.

Methods of constructing booby traps, land mines, and anti-charges from materials at hand are demonstrated. All through the three weeks course, necessity of using just the right amount of explosive is stressed. Use no more than needed... once out alone, what's on hand must go a long way.

Another phase trains demolitionists to drive motorcycles, motorboats, locomotives, and tanks, for a man who knows how a vehicle operates is better able to put it out of commission. It is also possible that enemy equipment may provide transportation for getting home.

Captain Phillips added, "Brother, when five of these devils drop behind the enemy lines... Hell's foot. Each one can create a little Dante's inferno all by himself."

Replacing brass buttons and insignias on overcoats and blouses with plastic ones will make more metal available for war production. It is expected to result in a saving of 365,000 pounds of metal in 1943. They new plastic buttons are exact reproductions, are non-flammable and will not reflect light. As an additional step in metal conservation, manufacture of distinctive insignia for regiments, separate battalions, etc., will be discontinued.

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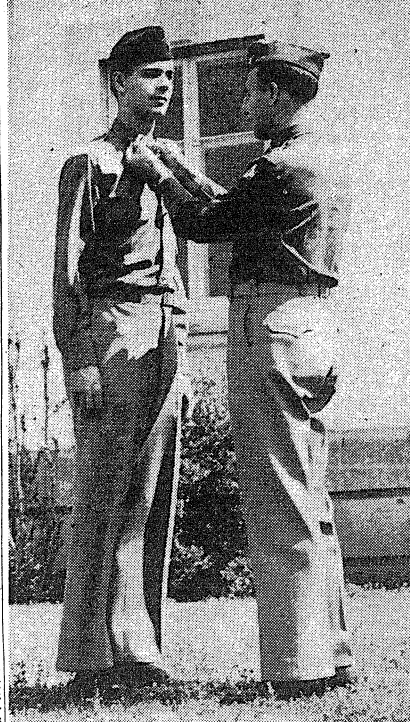
Four promotions in the Maintenance Battalion and one in Division Headquarters company of the Tenth Armored Division have been announced by Major Paul W. Newgard, division commander.

William H. Miller, Jr., Richard S. Hart and Dale N. Baker, all of the Maintenance Battalion, have been promoted to the rank of technician fourth grade, and James E. Chandler, also of the Maintenance Battalion, has been made master sergeant. In Division Headquarters company, Pvt. Edward C. Scanlon has been advanced to the rank of technician fifth grade.

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A FATHER AND SON act was seen on the front lawn of the Infantry school headquarters building one day this week when Colonel M. A. Sanderson, post dental surgeon, pinned the double bars of a captain on the shoulders of his son, Captain M. A. Sanderson, Jr. The younger Sanderson was graduated from a basic course at the school in February, 1942, has been a tactical officer in the 30th company of the Third student training regiment. (Infantry School Photo.)

501 Paratroopers Were Nucleus of Uncle Sam's Winged Infantrymen

Regiment Returns To First Home; Many Familiar Faces

BY LT. J. E. FLYNN

Back in 1940 the 501st Parachute Battalion, nucleus of Uncle Sam's great present-day Paratrooper, was making military history at Ft. Benning. Most of what we know about military parachuting today comes from that experimental group, who risked their precious few necks to lay the ground-work for today's foolproof system.

Much of this experimental work was done under the watchful eyes of experts, and Mr. and Mrs. N. America didn't find out what was going on until newsreels displayed them filling the sky with whirled and billowing silk. More or less complete information about the battalion and its work was circulating around the country in the form of a motion picture called "Parachute Battalion," and the usually accepted public immediately acclaimed them with band-wagon acclaim. The distinctive uniform of the Paratrooper became the symbol of a man of daring, of physical fitness, and a living representative of America's answer to the enemy's airborne challenge.

MUCH SILK

Much silk has all-streamed under the tail since then. During furlough seasons the streets of almost every town from Bangor to San Pedro are pounded by Paratroopers. Whole regiments of them have come and gone at Fort Benning, and still the great planes fly, spewing hundreds of new trainees into the blue sky. The "Geronimo" battle cry has now been heard in Africa, and will be heard from Oran to Yede Bay.

They and all of those early-established traditions could not be allowed to dust on official shelves when the old 501st went over to prove themselves in combat. Somewhere in the mountains of north Georgia a slim, boyish-looking colonel was forming a new regiment. He knew all of those old traditions. He knew that any regiment which bore the name of

Soldier Gets Draft Notice From His Board

A polite explanation to the effect he will be detained by important business has been sent by Candidate Robert L. Sickler, Seventh Company of the Third Student Training Regiment, in response to a request by his draft board to appear for a primary physical examination.

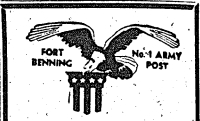
Sickler received the notice last week and it stated while the examination would not be final, attendance was compulsory unless the "selectee" should be detained by illness or important business. The candidate is registered with a Philadelphia Selective Service board.

SUPPLY MEN PROMOTED

Two enlisted men of the Supply Detachment, Supply Division Section One, Fourth Service command, have been promoted upon the recommendation of their detachment commander, according to an announcement from post headquarters, Private First Class

regiment can rightfully claim the "Geronimo" cry as his own. We inherited it by right of name. It's our torch to hold high, and "Geronimo" will be a name, in the words of Colonel Johnson, "to inspire confidence in our friends and terror in our foes."

John P. Chrzanoski has been elevated to the rank of technician fifth grade, and Private Charles H. Allen has been promoted to the rank of private first class.



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U. S. Paratrooper-Demolitionists Are Martians, Mules Combined

He looks like a combination "man-from-Mars" and pack mule. A composite individual, he is commander, shock trooper, and glorified blower-upper. This is the U. S. Army version of the paratrooper-demolitionist.

In that myriad of pockets, he carries grenades, K-ration concentrates, work tools, pliers, several rounds of ammunition, plus enough TNT to blast hell out of the average small stream bridge, or a concrete pill box, and tucked in among these bundles is a short, death-dealing carbine.

Five of these blast masters, working as a team, can drop river spans up to 140 feet long and 40 feet high, within 8 minutes from the time they jump. The actual

work of splitting and destroying takes a mere 4 minutes. This is not guesswork or mathematical theory. A mission of this type was actually performed, according to Captain Ray O. Phillips, officer in charge of the demolition section of the Parachute School, who participated in the problem.

It was a span across Trinity river, southeast of Dallas, Texas, on a road which had been condemned. The bridge was in good condition itself, and was to be taken down for salvage. Furthermore, local county officials specified certain requirements as to which way the different portions should fall.

Ask for Job
Members of the first demolition outfit under the supervision of

Captain Phillips, lean west Oklahoma rancher, from West of Fairview, asked for the job, upon receiving the consent of local authorities, they set to work planning the operation.

It called for three weeks of painstaking study and rehearsal. Every wartime factor was considered. Since in actual combat it would not be feasible to survey the structure ahead of time, a scale model costing \$300 was constructed from aerial photos and S-2 reports, showing minute details of bridge and surrounding terrain.

Five men could do the job. Each was assigned a specific position on the span, with the exact amount of his necessary charge computed and prepared. Small bridges were constructed and blown in test rehearsals. When this was perfected, the group set out for their mission, 1200 miles away, an objective which none of them had seen.

Reaching this point, demolition experts were dropped on both sides of the Trinity. "We were slowed up somewhat by mud," said the captain, "one detail which did not show up in our intelligence data. However, everything else went like clock work. Charges were placed to divide the bridge in thirds, as plans.

The whole frame shuddered and dropped into the stream simultaneously. Quick as a flash, another report, and two concrete bridgeheads toppled."

FASCINATING WORK
At the school, every effort is made to give the student a well rounded background in explosives. Actual demonstration is supplemented with field problems performed by future demolitionists.

Each man has an opportunity to handle and set off 14 different charges. Individual initiative and ingenuity are encouraged, since "store bought" explosives are seldom available under combat conditions. Methods of constructing booby traps, land mines, and anti-charges from materials at hand are demonstrated. All through the three weeks course, necessity of using just the right amount of explosive is stressed. Use no more than needed... once out alone, what's on hand must go a long way.

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APRIL 15 1943

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'Frenchy' Sees Loveliness In Box Of M-2 Ammunition

3rd STR OC Tells Harrowing Tale Of German Drive On France

BY O. C. ROBERT MCLEAN
10th Co., 3rd STR
(First Prize Features)

"It's beautiful, Frenchy said, pointing to a full box of M-2 ball ammunition. The 10th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, was on the range and Frenchy had been admiring the ammunition all morning.

A lot of things have been said about M-2 ball ammunition but exclamations over its beauty have been rare. Only a man who has had Frenchy's experiences in this war can see loveliness in an abundant supply of ammunition. As Frenchy explains it: "You see, there were but five of us and we had rifles that were half a century old. We had six rounds of ammunition per man and we were to hold up the advance of the German army."

The mail clerk of the 10th Company nicknamed the officer candidate "Frenchy" because he could not pronounce his real name. He must remain simply "Frenchy" because his father is still a prisoner of war in France and mention of the family name might bring on additional penalties and persecution. UNSCATHED

Combat is supposed to mark a man, but not so in Frenchy's case. He has had experience in this war that would gray the hair of

antry that should have followed. It didn't come that day.

"The next morning at dawn the German infantry struck. We turned them back with our guns. In the early afternoon they came again and again we sent them back. For two days they hammered at us and for two days we pushed them back. They seemed to prefer always to attack just before sunrise and shortly after the noon hour. They would try to find the weak parts of our defense but always we were lucky and they were not.

ONLY OFFICER LEFT

"On the morning of the third day, this was the situation: I was the only officer left. The others were dead. I had 20 men who were still able to fight. I had 11 men who were still dying, and dying very painfully and slowly. It is a terrible thing to watch a man die and know that there is nothing you can do for him. We were isolated. There were no aid stations. We had only a pitifully small supply of ammunition left. I had no orders to cover the situation. Perhaps we had been sent there to die. A soldier must expect that. For all I knew, the whole German army was due any moment.

"What did I do? I did what I had been trained to do, what every well-trained soldier would do in a position such as that. I stayed.

"On that third day, the Germans attacked twice more, right on their regular schedule. If they had known how few we were, they might have walked right over us. But they were cautious and they managed to deceive them into thinking we were a much larger force.

REAR GUARD ACTION

"On the fourth day the Germans were gone. Where, I shall never know. War is full of perplexities like that. That afternoon, by some miracle, a messenger reached us with orders to fall back and form a rear guard for the regiment.

"Picture us. Twenty men who were barely able to walk. All of them exhausted from days of fighting, hungry and sick. And, of course, we had very little ammunition. A few good bursts from our guns and it would be all gone.

"We marched. We marched 30 miles before we contacted the main party. We set up a rear guard patrol. We had not eaten for days. Then we had to go back to discover a farmhouse. We bought a calf from the farmer, slaughtered it and started to cook it. We were almost delicious from hunger. Then came the word that the Germans were only a mile behind us. We threw the calf on the farmer's manure pile for the Germans and went on. We marched, I suppose, 60 miles more. How terrible that march was. We walked in a half-sleep. We fell down and got up again. We didn't dare sleep.

"We didn't know what was happening to France. We had no news. All we knew was that we must protect the rear of our larger force.

ARMISTICE FALSE ALARM

"We reached a village. Someone told us that an armistice was to be signed. They told us the fighting was over. We fell down and slept in our tracks.

"When I awoke, I found that no armistice had been signed. The fighting was still going on. I called for volunteers in the village. Among the able-bodied men available, we finally formed a small company to make a stand at the village. How many of us? I don't know. I suppose we were priests. We found an arsenal where arms were to be issued to us. The arms were rifles that had been made in 1874. We found six rounds of ammunition per man. We prepared to fight. We were ready to die then, I suppose. About as ready to die as I have ever been in my whole life.

"We waited for the Germans to reach the village. And then a column of those perplexities of war happened. The Germans by-passed us, swept around the village. We wept with disappointment. It was good to be alive, of course. It is always good to be alive.

NIGHTMARE DAYS

"I can not describe those nightmare days. We didn't know what was happening anywhere. Flying columns of German armored units moved all over the countryside. Much of what they did made no sense to us.

"Several other officers reached the village and one evening we sat listening to the radio broadcast from London. General De Gaulle spoke. He urged Frenchmen not to surrender but to revolt and escape.

"We decided to make a try for it. The rest is all jumbled in my mind. We reached the unoccupied part of France and I succeeded in getting into Spain. I reached there in a ragged coat; I had bought from a farmer. The heels were gone from my shoes. The Spanish promptly threw me into jail.

"I had the luck to get word through to the American and British consulates. I was free again. I took the first Clipper to America. Now I am ready to fight again. Only this time I will have enough ammunition. Best of all, this time I will be with the Americans. Americans believe in fighting. I like them."

"Because of his proficiency in languages, Frenchy could have had a civilian job for the duration but he chose the Army. And why did he choose the infantry? His answer is: "I believe in fighting."



ALLAN JONES, star of screen and radio, leads Benning GI's and WAAC's in a song fest during his recent appearance on the post. The girls and boys are harmonizing from one of the Army's new hit-kits of popular songs which are issued regularly by Uncle Sam to his fighting nieces and nephews.—(Signal Lab Photo).

May All of Us Become 'Screwballs' Like Him

By LT. P. M. SCHILLING
3rd Prize, Features

It had me beat why this guy was always bucking, what with no ratings in the company open. Hadn't been any for months. Quick damn, it looked as if there weren't going to be any either. I was cause I saw another T-0 with more stripes. But the kid kept up his dizzy pace in all-round, too-damn efficiency. It gave me the snakes and had me beat nine ways. Maybe, I figure, he is a "screwball" . . . grade A.

We tagged the kid "Blitz" almost from the start, on account of that was what he done in his spare time. But the monicker he signs with on the payroll was Michael C. Sheehan and that should have been O. K. by his sarge (that's me), who's got half Murphy and half O'Leary in him, and not counting my great-grand uncle who married a Kelly.

'BLITZ' FROM START

Well, as I was saying, the kid was "Blitz" from the start. He'd pull K. P. without no gripe. In fact, I used to sneak him on when things got tough, like Christmas, and stuff like that. Pretty well that he'd keep on smiling and doing the job while the others kept squaking about "getting on the list" . . . and stuff like that. You all heard before. It got me so bad I couldn't sleep a couple of nights, trying to figure it out and then feeling as rotten as hell. I was taking advantage of the "Blitz" and his way of doing the job right. "A guy's no good unless he grips," we used to say in the old army. Something must have been off the beam in the kid's head. Maybe he didn't know no better.

WRONG HOLE

It didn't last long, though. After the fourth week the fellows couldn't keep up the space with the kid, besides, it seems that someone got straight dope that they were barking at an empty hole. From then on the "Blitz" was poison. They left him completely alone, they booked him on C. Q. on guard, and had him dogrobbing K. P. on week-ends. I guess I was mostly to blame. The kid took it as it was dished out for five months straight. He didn't even put in for no pass, although the old man had me feel him out for one at least a dozen times. He didn't bunk fatigue neither, or haunt the sick box, or duck to the P. X., or goldbrick around. As I said before, it had me beat.

Me and old Sarge Mullen of Company B got to talking it over about the "Blitz" one afternoon while bulling over some varnish-remover we got by pulling our rank on a couple of B and C students who are burning hash while our own boys are loafing it at

Deep Figuring

Now I know that it was wrong for us to check further, but Mullen and I really got to deep figuring. "There must be a solution," he says to me. So we holofoots it to the kid's bunk. "Not such a good job of policing up today," says the sarge, and I notices the "Blitz" has left a couple of letters lying almost under the pillow. This is the first time he's slipped up, I'm thinking to myself. Suddenly I snaps on the light in my mind. "Maybe the answers is in them letters," I says. But they was kind of old and worn out from lots of handling, and I begin to feel that they couldn't be much help.

I didn't notice the post mark until after. The letter was from the kid's folks who was visiting the islands and just having a hel-luva good time. They mentioned about seeing Joe and how well he looked. "My God," says Mullen in a voice that nearly scares me, "Joe must be the brother in the 55th. . . and look at the postmark date!"

It made me feel kind of funny, sort of sick, to remember just what happened to the 55th. The "Blitz" had his folks there visiting Joe. I remember the news-

paper reports. They got the civilians, too, those little rats. The second letter just told what I'd already figured . . . it was all three . . . Mother, Dad, and Joe. You should see our outfit now. At long last we're really soldiering, and we're moving out next

week. Maybe you'd like to meet me as first sarge. Folks, meet the fellow who'll someday replace Corporal Michael C. Sheehan.



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MONTGOMERY WARD

Soldiers Sweat In January In Good Ole Georgia State

But She Ain't So Bad After All, Soldier Opines

By PVT. JAMES E. SMART
Co. E, Maint. Bn.
10th Armored Division

It seemed funny to be sweating in January, but that was just what we were doing in a big way, sweating.

wellen" walked along with our heavy packs on our backs and our gas masks slung on the left, and rifles on the right, we were all hoping that we were going to bivouac soon. The sun occasionally broke through the overcast sky, giving one a boiled lobster feeling, not quite dead, still having the ability to move slightly. The hopefulness with which we looked at the clouds of clouds that shaded the road beyond and the thought that it would soon be time for a ten minute break helped to keep us moving along. The command "halt" came from far and far away but everyone heard with distinct clearness the command, "Company halt, fall out."

Alongside the road and every
 one right hand went to the same
 place, the canteen hanging from
 our pistol belts on the right. That
 water sure felt good on the
 lips and soon everyone was
 laying on their backs, using their
 packs for a pillow, eating candy
 bars and fruit that had been
 stuffed into spare corners of their
 packs for just such an occasion
 as this. Everyone was trying to
 imagine that they could just lay
 there and relax forever, thinking
 of all the swell times that they
 had had in years past.

Soon someone made the remark, what a hell of a state Georgia was. This remark was taken up with great enthusiasm and passed on down the line, each one adding a little more to it until by the time it had reached the end, all of the proud founders of the hell hole called Georgia must have turned over in their graves. "Why I'd even rather live in Colorado than I would in Georgia," came a remark from a white skinned lad with a beautiful broad eastern accent.

"Why brother," came the reply, "that damned state of Vermont where you hail from hasn't even been put on the maps yet. The government is thinking of starting a school out there to teach the people how to speak English." "No discussion," or rather the destruction of every state was taken up by the gang in every form from the best Harvard English to the worst profanity that the illiterate is able to utter so fluently, from the slow sleepy southern drawl to every other brogue that is possible from so many lands and ours.

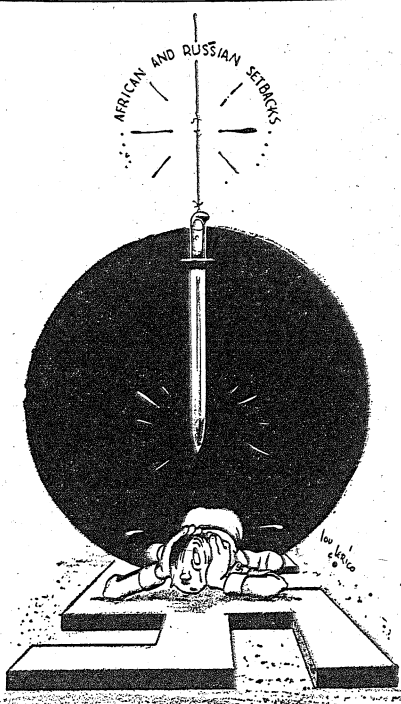
WHAT SOUNDS.

WHISTLE SOUNDS
The whistle brought us to our feet with a jump. I looked at my watch and sure enough, the officers had given us extra rest time. I guess that they too were enjoying the conversation too much to break it up any sooner than was absolutely necessary. We were on the march again, but spirits were much improved from the rest. As we marched along we could hear the roar of a tank as it charged pell mell like an angry monster towards its target, and the staccato report from a machine gun in the distance.

The high pitched whine of an airplane brought the officers to an instant alert. Yes, sure enough, the sound of a plane was there with incredible speed had overtaken us and was preparing to drop bombs and electric bombs. Three sharp blasts on the whistle sent us scurrying at top speed to flip up on the gas mask and to take our only protection. The recent rains made a mire of things, but "Any plane flying over this area is dropping bombs, the bombardier dropped two bombs, a bomb sack of flour, but it was a dud, it didn't explode," he blended too well with the surroundings for him to locate us. "I don't know where you are," he said. "I only make believe this time but I'm sure that it was on every one's mind. 'Just how long has it been since it was a dud?' " The whistle called us back to the road and we resumed our march. I was muddy from our recent experience.

REST AND MARCH

That is the way an army marches, rest and march, rest and march, until it seems as though eternity would come before we stop. The dreaded cry of gas, gas, gas shocked everyone into an instant instinctive action, due to hours of tedious practice in gas mask drill. Every man moved as one unit, the right hand pulling off the cap and sticking it between the legs while the left hand tears open the gas mask carrier at the same time. In a matter of seconds



THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES DESCENDS
(Third Prize, Serious Cartoons)

everyone had turned into a grotesque "Man from Mars," and the march was resumed. The U. S. Army gas mask will stop any known chemical warfare agent but everyone dreads the day and prays to God that it will never come when we will have to endure a real gas attack. The hard drawn breath, the stinging of the face from unevaporated sweat makes life inside a gas mask a living hell and the minutes lengthen into hours until the all clear is given.

is given. The command was given, "Column right, march," and we headed into the pine woods to bivouac for the night. I picked up my rifle, dug out a bud, and I picked a nice spot under the pine and proceeded to pitch our pup tent. Then I went back to the trench, found one folding pole, tent rope and five pegs. The two halves buttoned together at the top and I pitched it around the ditch around it to drain off the water in case it rained and I had no raincoat. I took some air observation and each one dug his slit trench for protection in case of attack. After dark I went back to camp. There was time to turn to company duties such as digging latrines, KP's to help the cooks prepare food, and air raid sentries and the choosing of interior guards, outer post guards and sentry duty. We were all very tired and would have liked to have curled up in his tent and gone to sleep, but every soldier has to be ready for anything and sleep rather than dead, as we have guards for one reason only,

CLOUDS GATHER

The clouds were getting thicker and now and then distant flashes of lightning and claps of thunder were heard. The clouds of the night to come. The growing wind made a restless sound in the tops of the tall pines, and the air was full of a low, steady hum, ready for the coming storm. My pal and I drew first relief to interior guard and were lucky.

"I wish we were at least had someone close that we knew out there in that wilderness around the camp," I said.

"I'm so glad and soon every one was in line to have his mess kit filled with steaming hot food. The still, dry ground was now once warning. The rain, pouring down by the buckets full, was driven into sheets of water by the falling clouds. Every thing in its path. The mess kits were soon full of water but we kept on eating because one must eat when the weather is ever changing on going. Thank God that we had put on our heavy G. I. rain coats and legging so we were dry."

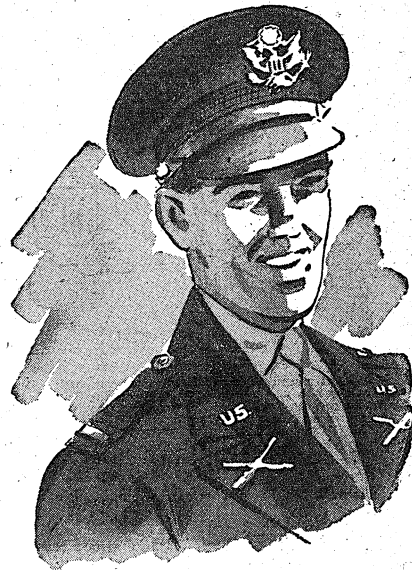
SOREY SIGHT

The guard was a sorry looking sight that night as we formed to march to the different posts. Toward dawn the rain fell again, howling and the woods seemed like a tropical forest with enough moisture to inform us that it was their perpetual desire for blood regardless of the season. It was so dark that you couldn't see your own hand and the rain came down and the dropping of the rain off the trees gave one the jitters—thinking that you were being careless guard snapping a twig underfoot sounded like the explosion of a bomb. The guard's head was ready to pop at number five, corporal of the guard, post number five," spit the air like the crack of a gun. "I betted every nerve I had that he was no nerves even more if that was possible. The enemy must be coming tonight. He's ready." "What about our minds."

We later found out that two rookie guards had captured a bewildered major who didn't know the counter sign. He was led meekly away by the corporal of the guard to be identified by other officers inside the camp. The first thing that a soldier learns is no

on my shoes and leggings I suddenly realized that the skies were clear and a gorgeous big southern moon with its millions of smaller assistants was doing its best job in illuminating the old world as the previous storm had done to darken it. When we had again reached the top of the world, it seemed like a different place entirely. It now seemed friendly and beautiful with millions of lights filtering down through the tops of the tall pines, casting little pools of light on the carpeted ground. But I think how we were enjoying the beautiful moonlight here and how it was being cursed out by the natives. "The moon means safety," all the natives said. "The moon means safety. All was still and quiet and peaceful here, but I fear that millions of years ago the moon was not here. We were not so fortunate as we. The rest of our watch passed uneventfully by and we returned to the ship to keep the remainder of the night.

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Yankee Doodle Upsets Adolf's Plans, Doesn't Read 'Mein Kampf'

On Battlefield He Fails To Follow Hitler's Prescription

BY SGT. TOM McDONALD

There is something about a soldier that utterly distinguishes him from the aviator and the sailor. Like the wooden horse of Troy, the Ft. Benning soldier is always an instigator of complete surprise. Not only to the enemy, but to his fellow soldiers and girl friends as well.

Sometimes loudly, sometimes quietly, he always performs the unexpected. Examples of combat have revealed the poor church-house type of man whose wilder deeds in peacetime consisted of standing quietly at some bar sipping a mug of beer, suddenly rushing into the enemy with such wild, daring bravery that the Germans, and adjacent rats have literally been annihilated before the soldier's surge.

Yet, strange as it may appear, if one had asked one of the soldier's friends what type of fellow he was, they would probably reply, "Oh, Smith? Well, he's just like any other guy, chases butterflies, drinks an occasional beer, and gripes about the Mess Sergeant."

Yet, strange as it may appear, if one had asked Hirohito or Adolf what kind of fellow this Smith was, these assinine Neophytes would have probably answered, "Dere American, humpt"

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER!"



He is wild and unpredictable, de- did not read my book (Mein Kampf) predicting how I said Smith was, these assinine Neo- big bums, dey kills alla my pup- dey would act. Dey is always up- phytes would have probably an- pets before dey can adjust their- setting my plans. Ach!"

1918 Veteran Says Modern Doughboy Has a 'Cinch'

By MR. SGT. J. T. SCOVILLE

It is indeed a privilege to serve as "guest columnist" and, as such, I should be listed at the very top as that is newest thing in the Army. In this column I will assume that among my readers (if any) there will be some of my fellow World War I veterans, and I imagine they will be surprised at some of the things the modern soldier thinks of as "his right" that we didn't dream of at all.

Those of us who learned the intricacies of "Squad Right!" the hard way through countless hours of monotonous drill up and down the field will doubtless recall the many lectures explaining the absolute necessity of such drill to gain morale and discipline. It was so thoroughly instilled in our minds that the old timers will be amazed to learn that, except for 3 months basic training, very little time is devoted to close order drill and about the only movements left are "Forward March" and the flank movements. The old squad of 7 men and a corporal is a thing of the past. Most of the men are specialists of the kind and their training being a series of schools to develop a high degree of skill in a particular line.

MATTER OF COURSE

The modern doughboy takes as a matter of course many things of which we old timers would never dream. Our training camps of '17 were much inferior of those of today. Each camp had a "Gibber Theater" which, by the way, offered free entertainment to those few who could get in. Now theaters are scattered all over the camps, and in some there is a small charge for admission. The entertainment is far superior to the old days of World War I. Instead of the old regimental "Y" building, each company has a day room with—yes—real furniture, pool and ping pong tables. There is also a regimental recreation hall of about the size of the old "Y."

Who would have dreamed of "public quarters" for married Non Coms (or for officers either for that matter)? Many of the posts have adjacent villages built and operated by Federal Housing Authority where not only the wives of the Non Coms but the Non Coms themselves live spending most of the nights AT HOME. Furloughs and passes are about the same as a quarter of a century ago and are, if anything, a little easier for the average soldier to get without having to "know the right person." The pay being so much higher, it is but natural that there are more soldiers traveling greater distances on furloughs and weekend trips.

DOCTORS' OFFICE

The Regimental Dispensary has become more like a Doctors' Office, there being no ward or other accommodation for patients. All who are too sick to remain in quarters are now sent to the Post Hospital. The facilities there are far superior to any found in the old days. We still have all the old "shots" and many new ones and I really believe that I am at least immune to every thing except accident and old age. The old sarge who used to pass out at the first touch of the needle had a son who still reacts the same way and the old sarge's buddies have kids who make practically the same wisecracks about the "feller here."

Every effort is made to make life in a training camp as pleasant as possible. We sleep on steel cots with real mattresses, sheets and pillows, yes and we eat at a table set with China dishes and "real" silver. We even have salt and pepper shakers and cisterns, etc. on the tables. The mess hall is a separate building with far better than our old ones, but the K. P. still peels potatoes in the same old way. The mad dash from barracks to latrine across a snow covered side walk in the middle of the chilliest night is a thing of the past as each barracks now has a latrine. Tent camps have been changed into "Hutment" camps and the digging of a pit latrine is a lost art.

The equipment of the 1943 doughboy is about the same as that of his Dad in World War I, with many added items. The two paramount penis, the bugle and the "Top kicks" whistle, remain unchanged but Taps doesn't al-

ways mean lights-out where ever one goes there is, as there always has been, an M. P. to take the soldier has tried to put too much joy into life.

SAME OLD RUMORS

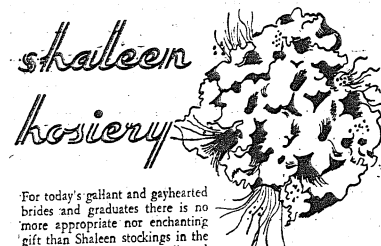
There are still the same rumors with about as much foundation and the regiment is still going to leave next week or next month for the North Pole, the South Pole or some way station. The colonel, the major and the captain is still either a "Heck of a Guy" or "A Heck of a swell Guy," the medic still "don't know how to give a guy anything but a dose of oil, a CC pill or an aspirin," but they still manage to keep the sick record of the troops far better than the average for a like group of civilians. There are still those who "should have been promoted—but" and there are those who "never would have been promoted" but they claim new anything at all about them.

Colored Coach, Baseball Star, On Panther Nine

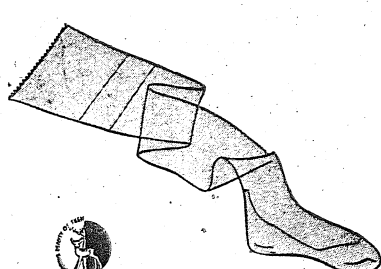
Corp. Moody Randolph has found an opportunity in the Service Battalion of the Third Student Training Regiment, to reshape the athletic career in civilian life that he was forced to abandon upon his induction in the Army in January, 1942. He played football here last fall and now is a candidate for the Service Battalion Panther baseball team.

A native of Jacksonville, N. C., Randolph played high school baseball and football and shortly after leaving school won a berth with the Norfolk Black Tars, professional baseball team, with which he played for two seasons. Later he returned to coach his hometown team, the Axtone Black Tigers.

Randolph received his basic training at Fort McClellan, Ala. He was given the name "Big Train," because of the heavy tasks he was able to perform.



For today's gallant and geyhearted brides and graduates there is no more appropriate nor enchanting gift than Shaleen stockings in the Cavalry Colors "GALLANT" and "GAYHEART"—stockings full-fashioned in every sense of the word to please beauty-and-value-wise women.



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'Chutists Get New March'

508th Paratroopers Sing Song At Work

"Airborne we fly the sky Paratroopers do or die" Students and instructors alike at the Parachute School are singing at their work. It is the stirring "March for the New Infantry," completed with an airborne arrangement.

Members of the 508th Parachute Infantry introduced this version of the song, on their way through parachute training. Soon it was rolling off tongues, the length and breadth of the school. Work became easier and morale of the entire training center was raised. It was too great a stroke to go unhonored.

So a thousand of the "fightiest devils anywhere," men of the 508th regiment, and their band gathered during a break in class-work and had their lusty voices recorded. It was just for their own pleasure and also so that the tune might pass to future sky-work again, still singing.

The song follows:

Airborne we fly the sky Paratroopers do or die Speed, troops like the wind we go We're sons o'guns! We're sons o'guns! We won't take "no" for an answer. Then they were off to answer. Can't stop those paratroops, Jumping down into the fray. Oh! It's not the way it used to be, A nagger and better infantry comes in by air today!

It used to be the infantry did nothing but march all day. Dusty guys, with mud in their eyes, Went sloping along the way. But times have changed and now we range The sky and sea of blue. We fly a bit and then we'll hit the silk of a parachute. OH!!!

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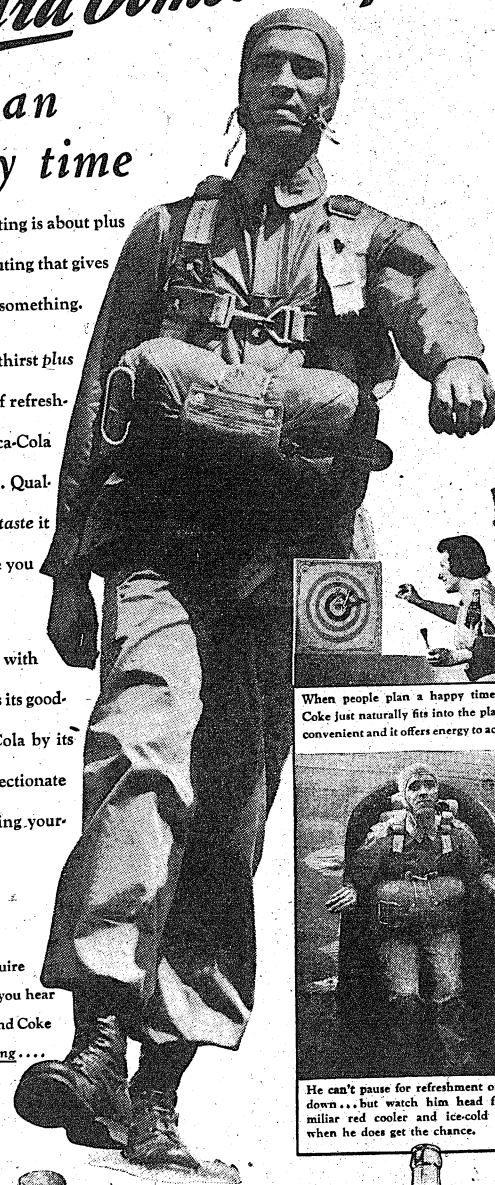
... You can spot it every time

IT'S knowing what all the shooting is about plus all there is to know about 'chuting that gives the paratrooper his extra, skillful something.

It's knowing how to quench your thirst plus how to give you the fine feeling of refreshment that has made ice-cold Coca-Cola the best-liked soft drink on earth. Quality is the extra something. You'll taste it and feel it and enjoy it every time you tip up a frosty bottle of Coke.

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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing... the real thing... "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".



When people plan a happy time, ice-cold Coke just naturally fits into the plans. It's so convenient and it offers energy to active folks.



He can't pause for refreshment on the way down... but watch him head for the familiar red cooler and ice-cold Coca-Cola when he does get the chance.



Ask any fighting man. He'll tell you that ice-cold Coca-Cola at a canteen adds a special touch to morale. And it adds refreshment, everywhere you get it.



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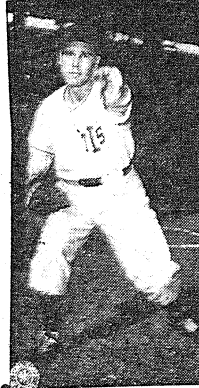
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League Seasons Open Sunday With Gala Twin Bill



GRODZICKI, Parachute School



DE VOLTER, Student Training Brigade



KINARD, Parachute School

Panthers Begin Diamond Drills

Plenty of Talent In 3rd STR Unit

First call for baseball talent, which was issued almost simultaneously with the arrival of the spring, brought a response from a large number of experienced diamond veterans in the Service Battalion of the Third Student Training Regiment last week.

For the present, the team candidates are undergoing a limbering up program set up by the manager, Capt. Charles L. Pott. It is expected that the season schedule, which is being prepared by Lieut. Jack G. Smith, Battalion Recreation Officer, will include several collegiate as well as post teams.

Among the talented players recommended in the call were Corp. Fredrick F. Beckett, Jr., who has played professional baseball with the Negro American League and Cuban League, and who is now a catcher for the catcher's position, and who will alternate at the shortstop spot, which he played throughout most of his league career.

Profs Meet Brigade And Lawson Plays TPS

Three Generals Will Help Open Campaigns Allen to Pitch, Fulton to Catch And Howell to Ump on First Ball

Two Benning baseball circuits will get off to an auspicious start Sunday afternoon at Gowdy field when a crackerjack doubleheader plus elaborate opening day ceremonies are planned for the first games in the Infantry School and Fort Benning leagues.

The opener at 1:00 o'clock will pit the Academic Regiment Profs, seven-time post champs, against the up-and-coming Student Training Brigade tossers as the pry-off tilt in the TIS loop. Immediately following that battle, the Fort Benning circuit opener will bring together Lawson Field and the Parachute School.

Appropriate opening day ceremonies will get underway promptly at 12:45 when the bandmen of the 124th Infantry strike up a march tune and lead the players of all four competing teams to the flag pole in deep center field.

There, Lt. Col. Charles C. Finnegan, the post athletic officer and head of the F. B. A. A., will present the brand new Gowdy field flag to Capt. Hank Gowdy, now special service officer at the Infantry school. The man for whom the Benning park was named many years ago will then hoist the gonfalon to the top of the pole as a token of rededicating the field.

The band and players will then return to the infield where the diamond stars will line up on the base paths while the hand stops at second base and plays the national anthem.

Then will come the official "pitch-out" ceremonies with an all-star cast. Major General Leven C. Allen, commandant of the Infantry school, will do the pitching. Brig. General Walter Scott Fulton, post commander, will do the catching, and Brig. Gen. George P. Howell, commandant of the Parachute school, will do the umpiring on the first pitch. Thus will the "first ball" be thrown, and after that the ump will cry "play ball" and the loop seasons will be officially open.

EXPECT GREAT CROWD
One of the greatest crowds to ever jam the ball park is expected to be on hand when the Academic Profs take to the diamond for the first game in search of the straight title. Despite the increased strength of many teams, the Profs still rate as an even money choice to repeat.

No less than five of the men who will probably be in the opening lineup Sunday have been holding down varsity spots on Hank Gowdy's TIS all-star nine while three Profs pitchers are also on the Doughboy squad.

As a matter of fact, the entire TIS outfield at present is an Academic Regiment affair. Walter Chet Dabbs in left, George Hill in center, and hard-hitting Garner Mercer in right. These three will probably open Sunday's **STRONG INFIELD**.

In the infield Herb Moore, Academic's new tutor, who is a player-coach at first, and the stellar Benny Zientara at second are slated to start at third base. Either Plunk or Fenn will do the catching for the defending champs and Joe Dickerson, ex-Milwaukee Brewer, or Rudy Huns, former Rochester hurler, are favored for the opening mound choice. Lefty Lehner, Bill Bobo and two or three others give the Profs a good mound staff.

BRIGADIERS UNTRIED
The Brigadiers who will oppose the Profs are as yet untried, but they boast two coming good pitchers and a stellar catcher in George Simmons, once of the Jersey City Giants who is also coaching the club. The newbies are Ben DeVolter, left fielder from the Pacific Coast loop, and Jim Prendergast, last year's mound ace for the Little Rock Travelers in the Southeast.

Tommy Ryan, an outfielder, looks like a hitting star while McCuskey and Bamberger, who have formed the left side of the TIS infield so far, will probably be used in the same spots for the Brigade entry.

BUDDY LEWIS TO PLAY
The Fort Benning League's opening day tilt will see the two crack nines. Lawson Field will boast the services of the outstanding player at the post, Buddy Lewis for several years a star with the Washington Senators in the American League. The former Senator slugger will probably hold down an outfield berth.

The Fliers have developed a well-balanced line behind some better-than-average pitching. Lefty Ritter and Tom Nelligan, their Parachute School rivals also have a strong mound staff with Big Bob Grodzicki the most likely starter.

The chutists have dropped a pair of practice tilts to the 3rd Armored Regiment and Columbus, but to either team plenty of promise and are expected to be a contender for title honors in the loop. Ross, a left-fielder from the Three Leagues and Kinard, hard-hitting infielder from the Florida State loop are the big guns for the TPS club at the plate.

N. Y. Congressman Gets In Fox Hole; Tank Rolls Over

A representative of the people who demonstrated the courage to undo the severe effects of an officer candidate's training visited the 13th Company of the Third Student Training Regiment last week.



FRED BECKETT, Shortstopper for Cleveland Giants



PFC CHARLES W. VOORHIS, Co. F, Academic Regiment

READY FOR SUNDAY—Chatting over the prospects of the Academic Regiment taking its eighth straight post crown this year are the three former pros in the picture who will provide much of the batting punch for the Profs. They are Benny Zientara, star second baseman; Garner Mercer, the hard-hitting rightfielder who smashed out 16 homers in the Three-I League last year, and Herb Moore, Cardinal farm hand who is coaching the defending champs and also plays first base.

At the bottom are shown the leading infielders of the Parachute School who oppose Lawson Field in the Fort Benning league opener. They are Third-basemen Kissel, Shortstop Migus, Second-sacker Kinard, and First-baseman Hudson. (Signal Lab Photos by Stock and Kortemeier.)

Timing and Follow Through Are As Vital In Army As In Sports

PFC CHARLES W. VOORHIS
Co. F, Academic Regiment
1st Prize, Sports

There are various tricks of the trade whereby a sports writer creates a profound impression upon his reading public. By knowing the greats of the sports world, he can write about them authoritatively. Through those associations he is deemed to be an expert in those sports with which the greats are associated. He goes to great lengths to analyze those sports and predict the outcomes of competitions in them.

He can further his high esteem as an expert by delivering technical discourses on the proper methods of gaining perfection in those sports. His chief stock in trade—and don't tell me there is a sports writer who has never written about them—is his command on the value of timing and follow through.

SHINES IN GOLF
He shines in his golf articles. He'll tell you the impact of the clubhead and ball must come at the moment the wrists are rolled or unrolled and the body is shifted from the right to the left foot. This calls for the synchronization of feet, knees, hands, hips and shoulders. Then he'll tell you that it is most essential to follow through with the swing.

Sluggers in baseball must have perfect timing. Baseball pitchers must have that perfect follow through to break off their hooks and control the corners of the plate. A prizefighter can never possess a Sunday punch unless he develops a follow through and he can't box his way out of a paper bag unless he can make his hands and feet coordinate. That's timing. **IN ARMY NOW**

You're in the army now. Instead of reading those theories in the sports pages, you're getting them out of army field manuals. Instead of golf pros or baseball coaches, you're listening to officers and N. C. O.'s spout these same theories.

There is a close relationship between the adaptation of the theories to sports and their adaptation to army training. What good is a horizontal bat stroke if you can't follow through? It and you are lost if your feet are tangled up; that is to say, if you can't make your feet and arms coordinate. You don't get results with a hand grenade unless you follow through. What good comes of shooting a rifle unless you have a trigger squeeze and follow through? And the No. 2 man of a howitzer gun crew at a sloppy workman can't drive a shell into the breach and follow through.

You can't even march well without timing and follow through. Your hands do the latter. **PRETTY GOOD CREWS**

Baseball Card

ALL GAMES AT GOWDY FIELD
Thursday, April 15th—Infantry School vs. Atlanta Crackers at 6:30.
Sunday, April 18th—Academic Regiment vs. Student Training Brigade at 1:00.
Lawson Field vs. Parachute School at 2:15.
Monday, April 19th—124th Infantry vs. 300th Infantry at 8:30.
Tuesday, April 20th—51st Parachutes vs. 53rd General Hospital at 8:30.
Wednesday, April 21st—Student Training Rifles vs. 71st Engineers at 8:30.

Dragon Ringmen Stage Upset To Deadlock 29th

Post Crown Undecided After 3rd Armored's Surprising Boxing

One of the largest crowds to ever invade the post gym saw a surprising 3rd Armored team deadlock the 29th Infantry's defending champs on Monday night in a challenge match for the post crown.

Each squad came off the winner in four bouts apiece, and no decision was reached as to just who should be acknowledged as titleholder. The teams may fight over again at a later date.

THRILLING BOUTS
Despite the no-decision result, however, the bouts provided some of the biggest sports thrills of the year. The Dragons earned the eventual deadlock on the wings of a thrilling win by Johnny Mojias, their heavyweight entry, who pummeled out a decision over Big John Zawaski of the 29th, who had him outweighed by 40 pounds.

Two knockouts were recorded by Two-Niners. Johnny J. Stutes slammed out a TKO win over Montana of the Dragons in 55 seconds of the first round to take the bantam honors, while Benny Parks sneaked in a neat job to the chin of Jack Crain and sent him reeling to the canvas in 1 minute and 45 seconds of the second round in the welter scrum.

CRUZ, CORLEY WIN
Flyweight Cruz and Lightweight Corley gained the other wins for the defending champs, while Guthrie, Anderson, Finazzo and Wojas were the Dragon winners. All bouts that went the three-round limit were close, and the huge crowd was an uproar most of the time.

In three preliminary setoffs, the 24th General Hospital mittens scored wins over the 29th's team from the 90th Recons of the Tiger Division. Hugh Darcy, defending flyweight champ of the post, and Tandy, who was the Madisonville while Chuck Taylor of the Recons knocked out Silva of the hospital unit in the third match.

First Regiment Boasts Many Star Athletes

Gridsters, Boxers, Basketeers Included Wrestlers, Baseball

The roster of officers basic, 9th company, First Student Training Regiment, looks like the lineup of Walter Camp's "All-American". In the "brawn" department are the following gridsters: 2nd Lt. Al Fielder, former captain, VMI, 1938; 1st Lt. Roger Stearns, University of Maine all-conference tackle, 1940; 1st Lt. Joe Hamrick, Northwestern, chosen all-conference tackle Big Ten, 1939; 1st Lt. Ivy Hyman, tackle, Ohio State, 1937.

1st Lt. Irving Agard, Lafayette University, 1939, 175-pound Eastern Collegiate wrestling champion, and 1st Lt. Bob Gordon, UCLA, Jordan, 1938 and Pacific Coast intercollegiate boxing champ, represent the square arena.

Other star athletes include 2nd Lt. John A. Darcy, catcher with Boston Red Sox; 1st Lt. Don North, varsity baseball player for the University of Nebraska in 1936, and 2nd Lt. Ted Williams, Tennessee guard.

Wuxtra! Luban, Neu Bury the Hatchet!!

Rival Tells Us Things About Carl We Never Knew

BY SGT. MILTON LUBAN
2nd Prize, Sports

We have reached the end of a stirring basketball season and the cheers for Shannon, Ricks, Webster and other court luminaries can still be heard in barracks bull sessions. Soon the air will be resounding with frenzied yells for Zientara, Lewis, Niebler, Cox and countless other warriors of the diamond as baseball takes its natural place at the head of the Benning sports parade.

Meanwhile there's a lull during which it might be a good idea to meet the man behind the scene. So we present S. Sgt. Carl Neu, the man who has had more abuse, complaints and old-fashioned cursing hurled at him than any other man in the post.

Officially attached to the Quartermaster Public Relations branch, Carl Neu has been busy since the start of the season. He has been in the post and soon was not only covering all Benning sports for the Bayonet, but actually arranging, organizing and running them.

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Tiger Ballplayer Once Hurlled 18-Inning No-Hit, No-Run Game

College in Chicago and subsequently signed up with the Cubs. After he pitched his spectacular 18-inning game in 1940 the big league scouts came around with their offers and he tried out with the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Chicago White Sox.

JOINED ARMY
The army nipped his career in the bud just two years ago, for he was April 3, 1941, when Falk put away his gloves and tried on a pair of G. I. shoes. But he has been able to stay away from the diamond. In 1942 he played on an all-star team at Fort Bragg, N. C. and put in a very good year on the Quartermaster's team at Fort Bragg. His season's record was 20 games pitched and 24 won. Of the four games he lost, three were two-hit games.

Falk also did right for himself when he pitched last year for an all-star aggregation representing the "navy." When the dust had cleared and the weary sailors had cleared off to the showers, Falk

had hurled a no-hit game and incidentally fanned 19 batters. This was called a new modern record, since the great Bobbie Fern had pitched a no-hit game only 18 men.

ALSO JOURNALIST
Off the mound, Falk has delved into journalism. He was editor of the Barracks Frazzle column of the Fort Bragg Post and was also editor of the 79th Field Artillery Regiment's Howitzer, a column which he wrote for the War Department.

Falk is married, and he says that his most ardent rooter is his wife, Sophie, who, not to be outdone by her husband, was a star volleyball player in Chicago.

DALLAS, TEX. (CNS)—Granville W. Moore, county rationing board member, has organized the "Misnamed Shoe Club" to help men and women in the U. S. who wear a different size shoe on each foot and have been caught short by shoe rationing. A round-robin letter goes to all last year's shoe buyers and asks them to help men and women in the U. S. who wear a different size shoe on each foot and have been caught short by shoe rationing.

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Additional Sports

On Pages 20 and 21

O. C. Enlists Two Hours After Pearl Harbor Hit

Within two hours after broadcasting the news of the fall of the Philippines, O. C. Enlistment, Candidate H. W. Thompson of the 30th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, had enlisted in the U. S. Army.

"That news made me ashamed of myself for holding a job in an air-conditioned radio studio while a lot of other fellows were taking a rap from the Japs," he explained, "so I made up my mind before I had completed the broadcast to join up and I've never been sorry that I did."

Prior to his entering the Army, Thompson had edited and broadcast news over stations affiliated with the three major radio networks for seven years. He started his career in radio, taking part in dramatic productions at Station WSM, Nashville, Tenn., and he since has broadcast events from every part of the country, including the "Squalus" rescue project, the Army maneuvers in the California deserts and other thrilling news "breaks." His greatest ambition as a radio announcer is to give a "blow by blow" description of the signing of the peace in Tokyo, he declared.

55th Engineer Enlisted Men Get Promotions

Promotions of enlisted men in the 55th Engineers Battalion, 10th Armored Division, are announced as follows:

To be technical sergeant: S-Sgt. Edward J. Blizwick.

To be staff sergeant: Sgt. James M. O'Neill, Sgt. Harold C. Woodhouse, Sgt. Jack E. Bowden.

To be sergeant: Cpl. Earl J. Hughes, Pvt. Marvel R. Hansen, Cpl. Francis E. Scott, Jr., Cpl. Edward L. Armani, Cpl. James P. Koerner.

To be technician fourth grade: Pte. George R. Agee, Pte. William A. Scott, Pte. Osborne C. Tanner.

To be corporal: Pte. Joseph S. Dominick, T-5 George J. Suchar, Pte. Joe H. Clark, Pte. Emmett J. Walker, C. Kittel, Pte. Donald F. Marshall, Pte. Donald F. Riley, Pte. Hughes P. Franklin, Pte. Harry A. Benjamin, Pte. Roy A. Robinson, Pte. Walter Streetman.

To be technician fifth grade: Pte. Keith Cook, Pte. Paul O. McManus, Pte. Harry L. Bennett.

HOLLYWOOD — (CNS) — Them that asks gits! The War Production board asked that cute little dancin' Veronica Lake (she of the one eye) to put up her looks for some photographs to be used as examples for girls in war work where clear vision is so important and hair unimportant. Veronica was only too glad to oblige—she was tired of being blind flying, anyway.

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Cardinal Cafe

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Across From Railroad Station

Retired Sergeant To Go To Work In Defense Plant

Completing 32 years of army service, First Sgt. Benjamin T. Meeks, of the 29th Infantry Band, now is awaiting his retirement orders and plans on exchanging band instruments for precision tools in a defense plant. Sgt. Meeks entered the service in 1911 and served overseas in France during World War I. He has been with the 29th Infantry for the past 22 years.

Former Finance Officer Plays Role In African Coup

Colonel L. H. Sims, formerly Finance Officer at Fort Benning, has been mentioned in news dispatches as having played an important role in preparing for the North African invasion and consequent campaigns there.

According to the dispatches, he was in charge of a group of American officers who worked for several weeks in London streets, preparing American currency for army finance officers in North Africa. The cash was ready weeks in advance of the actual start of the campaign.

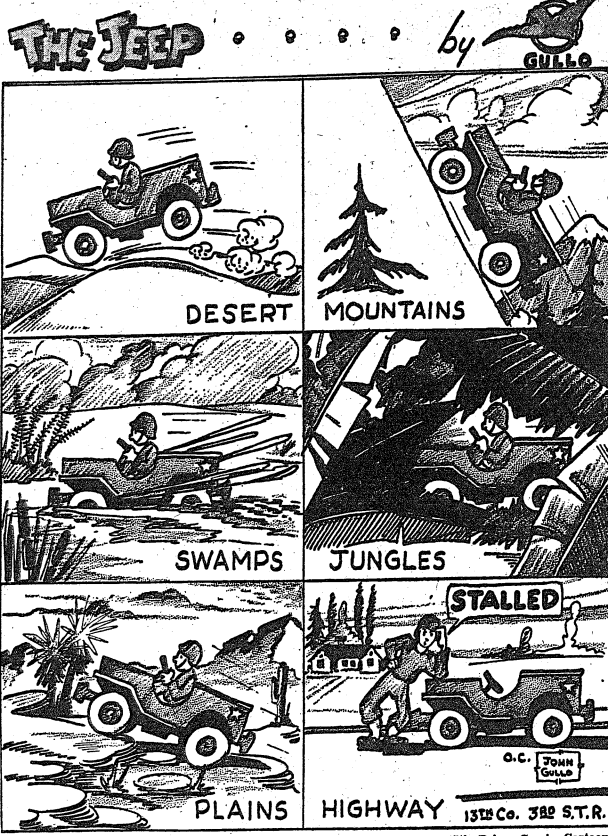
Friends on the post recall that he was Finance Officer here from 1937 to 1941, and believed that he flew across with General Marshall. A son, L. H. Sims, Jr., now is a student at United States Military Academy at West Point.

Lt. Sullivan Receives First Lieutenantcy

Lt. John F. Sullivan, Jr., personnel and executive officer of the 283rd Quartermaster Company, has been promoted from second to first lieutenant, according to an announcement received at post headquarters.

Entering the army in February, 1942, as an enlisted man, Sullivan served for several months with the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center, Camp Lee, Va., before attending officer candidates' school. He was commissioned in August of last year, and came to Benning in September, where he joined the 283rd company.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. — (CNS) — Seventy-four-year-old John Frederickson used to light a battery of 20 candles to take the chill off his attic room. One of them apparently set fire to his bedclothes. He was found burned and suffocated when firemen broke into his room.



P. O. Amends Its Overseas Mail Regulation

All-Weight Packages Of Essential Articles Now Acceptable

In order to facilitate the overseas shipment of small essential articles such as eyeglasses, watches, fountain pens and insignia, restrictions on army overseas mail as previously outlined in post office orders have been amended to permit acceptance of sealed first-class packages without presentation of approved requests from the addressee, according to R. P. Richardson, Post Benning postmaster.

Under the same conditions of weight and postage, individual copies of "House Organs" or employee publications, may also be sent to such personnel.

Also included in the list of accepted parcels are packages containing uniforms and accessories ordered by officers, and medical books sent to doctors connected with army hospitals or units under their official titles and for their official use. For the above listed items there is no size or weight limitation, under the new amendment.

Renewals of present subscriptions of newspapers and other publications entered as second class matter from any source will be considered as a continuation of the present subscription and mailings to overseas personnel will be allowed, regardless of whether the renewal may be paid for by others than the addressee, and without any request from the latter. This does not apply to complimentary issues distributed by the publisher.

TEXT BOOKS
Text books and study material sent by the United States Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis., an agency of the government, and universities and colleges conducting courses in cooperation with that institute, also such material sent by other schools and colleges conducting home study courses, in connection with enrollment prior to Jan. 15, 1943, may be sent without request at time of mailing.

The same ruling also applies to matter sent in connection with enrollments or requests, made subsequent to that date, except that such requests shall bear the approval of the student's commanding officer.

Upon the wrappers of material and literature dispatched by the Armed Forces Institute, and co-operating agencies, should appear a return card similar to the following: Armed Forces University Extension Courses, Home Study Department, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. Official Mailings.

In the case of such mailing by other schools and colleges, the

AER Applicants Should Get Okeh Of Commander

Applicants for Army Emergency Relief are advised to be sure that the first endorsement on their applications is executed by their commanding officer or personnel officer, Lt. John J. A. Lyons, A. E. R. officer at Post Headquarters, said today.

The endorsement should contain the date and amount of the individual's last pay, the amount of pay due him to comply with Army Regulations, deductions—if any—authorized by the applicant, and in the case of married men, whether or not the allotment has been executed in favor of his dependents. If an allotment has been executed, it should be specified on the endorsement as to whether it is being received.

All of this information should be furnished before the loan may be made. Failure to comply works additional hardship on the applicant, Lieutenant Lyons said, in stressing that this procedure must be strictly adhered to.

The AER is ready and should be utilized to carry families of enlisted men through any period of financial embarrassment that may ensue while they are awaiting receipts of Dependency Benefit checks," according to Lieutenant Lyons.

Between May, 1942 and March 20, 1943, approximately \$15,000 in AER loans had been made at Fort Benning. Approximately \$9,000 has been repaid of this amount. A total of 365 loans were made in this period.

During December, January and February, the numbers of loans made at Fort Benning were 20, 25 and 18, respectively, with an average monthly amount of the loans running between \$1800 and \$2500.

BOOK CLUBS
Book clubs under contract to furnish members outside continental limits of the United States with books to be mailed at specified intervals, may continue delivery of these, providing the arrangements were made prior to establishment of the restrictions.

It will be noted, however, that this does not apply to instances where book clubs merely furnish members with lists of books, which the member is not under obligation to purchase, but for which he submits a specific request. In this case the approval and stamp of his commanding officer is necessary.

Requests of officers and personnel not assigned to organizations or assigned to separate companies and detachments must be approved by the next higher headquarters or by the theater headquarters.

The War Department has issued instructions to its personnel that under no circumstances will requests be approved by other than battalion or regimental commanders or other officers of field grade, having supervisory authority over the officer or enlisted man making the request.

Exceptions to the overseas restrictions as outlined in the order include shipment of parcels to military agencies such as the Red Cross, post exchanges, canteens, USO, and libraries. Also excepted is religious material addressed to chaplains and articles sent commanding officers, addressed to them, or such, by title.

No approved request is necessary for these. The regular limits of size and weight, namely 70 pounds, and 100 inches in length and girth combined are applicable. Such parcels should be labeled, "For Military Agency."

GREETINGS To The BAYONET

The Best Army Paper In The U. S. A. And To The Personnel of FORT BENNING

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COPELAND'S BARBECUE

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Tiger Masters Slav Tongues

Engineer Private Makes Study Hobby

One soldier who should be at home in many foreign lands is Pvt. Joseph Strinchak of the 55th Armored Engineers, and yet Pvt. Strinchak is strictly an American who hails from Gary, Ind. The reason is that he will carry wherever he goes his own brand of heavy artillery: languages.

This soldier can converse fluently in Serbian, Croatian, Polish and Slav, and he is fairly fluent with the extremely difficult Russian tongue. And there is no great similarity between any two of these languages, either.

Strinchak acquired his linguistic ability by listening and practicing, and he did this during the period when learning is easiest: as a child. His parents were Czechoslovaks, so he learned Slav while he was speaking his first words in English. All of the others he picked up during after-school snacks at the homes of playmates. Since he lived in a community that was composed largely of foreign-born people, this was not too difficult for an alert youngster.

"One of the boys' mother would say something in Serbian or Croatian," he says, "and after I had heard the words two or three times I would have them."

FREQUENT PRACTICE
Strinchak probably would have forgotten all he learned, however, if he had not used his oral tools in his adult life. Normally gregarious, he reasoned that he could get to know many more people if he spoke their language, and he



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\$1,000 Prize Offered Best WAAC Manuscript

E. P. Dutton and Company, one of America's largest book publishers, has a contract all ready, together with a check for one thousand dollars (in payment of advance royalties), for the first acceptable manuscript from any member of the WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, WAFS, or United States Marine Women's Reserve. In addition to the \$1,000 check, the usual book royalties will be paid.

There are no restrictions or limitations. The Dutton firm hopes to obtain a manuscript never missed an opportunity to add to its vocabularies.

He even had the tenacity to learn to read one of these languages, Polish. Coming across a Polish catechism one day, he sat down and stayed with it until he could read it. Today he reads Polish, or rather, Polish-American newspapers as well as most people read English.

Strinchak feels that he has had a lot of fun that he might have missed otherwise as a result of his unusual hobby. And, on the serious side, if the 55th Engineers ever land in the Balkans they won't need any maps to tell them where to build their bridges. Strinchak will just stop a native, pass the time of the day with him and ask him for directions.

which is both fresh and original, and which may come to mean to the thousands of young women in the armed forces what "See Here, Private Hargrove" now means to our soldiers and their families.

If you are a young woman in the service of the Army Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps, and have a manuscript ready, or in preparation, notify the publisher, E. P. Dutton & Company, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City, immediately, submitting the manuscript if it is ready, or notify them when you expect to submit it if it is not yet completed. Quite possibly there may be more than one manuscript accepted.

Dom DiMaggio, star center fielder of the Boston Red Sox and now serving with the Coast Guard, has lost the sight of his right eye and has been hospitalized, and under the care of specialists for five weeks. No injury caused the loss of sight. Dom is taking treatment for the infected eye and his sight is gradually improving. When asked whether or not in the Coast Guard, he would fill center field for the Red Sox, he said, "I would prefer to remain in the Navy with one eye than to play baseball with two, for the duration of the war."

MARCELINE, Mo. — (CNS) — A young fellow in city court was charged with passing worthless checks and was fined \$17.95. He handed the judge a check. It bounced, too.

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3579-1937-Ford Tudor; real buy . . \$245

3577-1937-Ford Tudor; clean . . . \$325

3568-1937-Ford Tudor; bargain . . \$295

3503-1940-Ford De Luxe Coupe . . \$795

3501-1940-Ford Tudor; bargain . . \$795

3519-1940-Ford De Luxe Tudor . . \$825

3541-1940-Ford De Luxe Tudor . . \$825

3448-1941-Ford Super Coupe . . . \$895

3451-1941-Ford De Luxe Tudor . . \$925

3387-1941-Ford Super Tudor . . . \$945

3335-1941-Ford De Luxe Tudor . . \$925

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3433-1941-Chev. Master Coupe . . \$825

3533-1940-Chevrolet Panel Del. . . \$675

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COLUMBUS, GA.

the capture, however, and was treated by Major Ralph E. Hockenberry, regimental surgeon and Captain Logan B. Hull. The leg healed and the little fox soon became tame enough to handle. He loved G. I. food and was soon being petted by all the men of the company.

However, he has now gone AWOL as somebody pried off the screen in the box where he was kept of nights. The box had originally been constructed for a raccoon that had been caught in the woods—but he too went AWOL. One night so now Co. I has no mascot at all.

Organized Athletics Give Esprit de Corps

Second STR Offered As Striking Example To Prove Point

BY CAPT. JOHN E. TORINUS
Third Prize, Sports

What Army sports can do for an organization is well illustrated by the case of the Second Student Training Regiment of The Infantry School, a regiment naturally handicapped in a sport way because of its temporary nature, but a regiment which has found that organized athletics can do wonders in giving a unit a unified esprit de corps as well as providing a high type of entertainment for its personnel.

This Regiment, commanded by Col. Edward B. Jackson, whose main mission is the training of Infantry Officer Candidates, is currently the talk of Fort Benning sports circles because of its position in the 1941-42 season. The LEADERS, both through the LEADERS, a well-organized sports program is being developed capitalizing on their success.

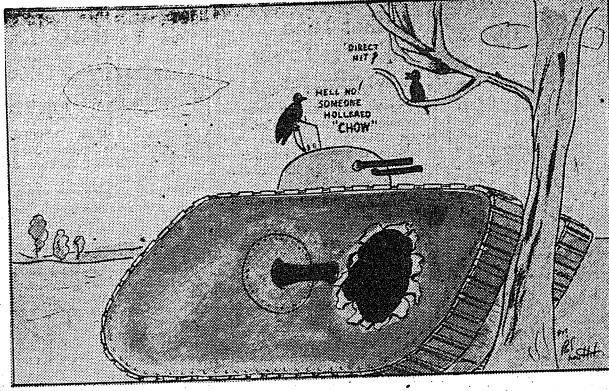
Naturally the LEADERS did not command much attention in the Regiment, as they lost their first seven post conference games, but once they started winning, officers and enlisted men of the Infantry Officer Candidates turned out in droves to see the games. It was a common sight to see a whole OC company marching to the Sport Arena to the accompaniment of a good barber-shop tune. The fans even organized an impromptu cheering section and a couple of GI's who had been hot stuff as high school

cheerleaders worked the crowds out of their bones and went to work on some skyrockets. Seeing the success of the LEADERS, other sport groups in the Regiment were enthused. At present a top-notch baseball team is working out daily in the hopes of duplicating the LEADERS' feats on the diamond. Combined with the Third Regiment to gain greater strength, the team will cavort under the title of the RIFLES, and is being coached by Lt. Mickey Bach of the 3rd STR.

OFFICERS LEAGUE
Officers of the Regiment have formed their own softball league, with teams entered from the six battalions. A number of OC companies are getting up softball and hardball teams to challenge other companies. A softball league has been talked up among Headquarters Company personnel. There have been a number of impromptu boxing matches staged among OC's. Officers have all winter participated in several volleyball leagues.

The Service Battalion has always been active in sport circles, participating in all the service leagues on the post in football, basketball and baseball. The Second Regiment likes to point out also that its Service Battalion COMMANDO grid squad holds the post colored championship. A number of Service Battalion GI's have even served up their own track team and are looking for outside competition.

All of this has been done in a Regiment which has a very small permanent personnel and where the student personnel turns over daily. It looked like an impossible



(Third Prize, Comic Cartoons)

2nd STR Courtman Rates As Man of Varied Careers

One of the most versatile officer candidates to land in the 2nd Student Training Regiment is a man named Smith. For a good part of his 33 years, Irving Lewis Smith of the 15th Company, has been a basketball player, an athlete, scholar, teacher, lecturer, lawyer and entertainer.

Born in New York City in 1909, he excelled in athletics all through school and won eleven varsity letters in high school. These covered basketball, football, swimming, soccer, baseball, fencing, and what have you. Upon graduation he received the "best all-around" award of that year.

ATHLETE
In St. John's College, Brooklyn, he participated in all sports while in high school. Their basketball team of 1930-31, known as the "Wonder Team," went through the entire season without losing a single game and won the National Intercollegiate Championship. At that time the wonder team was engaged by Warner Brothers to make a basketball short with Ted Husing. He also represented St. John's in the National Intercollegiate Basketball Championship meet in 1931. For two years after graduation Smith toured the country playing exhibition basketball games with the famous Detroit Pistons, which he was co-captain.

PROFESSIONAL
He played professional basketball with the American Eastern League and professional baseball with the St. Albans of Long Island. He was catcher and battery mate of Marius Russo, who later gained distinction as star pitcher for the New York Yankees.

But athletics covers just one phase of his varied career. He next turned to the profession of law and again enjoyed more than average success in both civil and criminal cases. He earned the distinction of being admitted to practice before the U. S. Treasury Department and was appointed an assistant investigator for the Appellate Division of Queens County, New York. Smith worked on one case which altered existing law by improving a woman's rights as a prospective wife. This decision was upheld by the Court of Appeals.

WAS TEACHER
His teaching comes next. He has been appointed by the New York City Board of Education and after only two years was promoted to the position of teacher-in-charge, which is the equivalent of principal.

His experience in the entertainment field had an almost accidental beginning and reads like a story book. One day he filled in for an ailing partner in the dance team of Enrique and Dolores. Another famous dancer he has had for a partner is Marjory Matin, ballerina of the Radio City Music Hall.

WEDS MODEL
An August 9 last year Smith entered one more field that of being a married man. Perhaps many of us have seen his lovely wife, unknown to us. She was Muriel Allen, a model for Murray Korman, and her picture has appeared on the covers of several popular magazines. Soon after his wedding Smith bid his bride farewell and headed for an Army processing building. Before coming to Benning he took his basic training at Camp Croft, S. C.

The Government has prepared a special form for the use of military personnel in making requests for deferment of income tax; one can get it by writing your home office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. By using this form you will be certain of giving the Government all the information it needs concerning your inability to pay your taxes because of military service.

Colored Stars Grace Service Unit Team

The Service Battalion Baseball Club, coached by Captain Joseph R. O'Connor, former minor league player and one-time property of the Cleveland Indians, has for its nucleus several players of the National Negro Professional League.

James E. Taylor, the first baseman, was a member of the Baltimore Giants, the leading team of the National Negro Professional League. Washington has led the league in hitting for several years. In 1938 he participated in the Annual East and West game in Chicago.

Another pitcher, Eugene Randolph, was a member of the Tidewater Giants of New Port, Virginia. Randolph, a lefty, set a record on his team, winning twenty-seven (27) and losing six (6). Prior to his induction Randolph was a leading colored traveling club.

Besides these stars, Captain O'Connor has several players of the old 24th Infantry Club, and some outstanding sandlot players around the country.

Radio, Mechanic Soldiers Afforded Plenty of Softball

The greatest of all American sports has made its debut this past week in the 4th Battalion (Enl), 1st Student Training Regiment, in an inter-battalion soft ball league.

The unique part of this league is that every man that is available for company duty on each day of play must play at least two innings of ball. This gives every man an opportunity to participate in the game and also to represent his company in athletics at least twice a week.

The captains and managers and also the officers of the companies can be seen every day around noon with their heads together dishing out the line-up for the day game, that begins at 2:30 p. m. The reaction to these rules of every man playing has created an overwhelming enthusiasm for the game by all the men of the battalion even though they never before in their lives had played baseball.

1st Lt. Grant Gless, the battalion athletic officer, in setting up the rules for the league has just about over done himself in that he has made possible for every man to play and enjoy himself in doing so. Lt. Gless said, "We defeat our purpose of mass athletics when we bar a man from playing just because he might not be able to play the game as well as his buddy. So we will make the rules so that every man will play at least two innings and in that way we will induce everyone to be interested in his team."

Hitting one of the highest qualification scores of recent OC classes on the 37 mm 1000-inch range, the 28th Company, commanded by Capt. John L. Pinson, of the Second Student Training Regiment, last week registered 87.6 per cent in the midst of a drizzling cloud-burst.

Highest individual score in the amphibian shooting contest was made by OC Clyde Negro, 185, with 11 men scoring 175 or more. Officers with the 37 mm. committee said that the class record firing was made under conditions equal to a combat area.

Golden Gloves Featherweight Is In Training

Pfc. Terrie D. Livingston, lightweight boxer, is now known as the "Little Armstrong" of Company A, Service Battalion, TIS. Before entering the service this little dynamo fought in the St. Louis Golden Gloves and was featherweight champ of 1941. Competition has been hard to find for opponents for this up and coming fighter.

He is now training hard for his next fight which is to be held in Doughtboy Stadium some time soon. Watch him in his next fight and see if this name "Little Armstrong" isn't justified.

Noted Wrestler Is Instructing O.C.'s In Dirty Fighting

If their bones hold out, officer candidates of the 18th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, ought to become highly skilled dirty fighters for they are getting their instructions first-hand from one of the world's leading exponents of the "grunt and grapple" art.

Their teacher is one of their own classmates, Paul Boesch, internationally famous wrestler, who has met and defeated such headliners of the mat as "Strangler" Lewis, Ray Steele, "Man Mountain" Dean, Joe Cox, Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Savoldi, the four Dusek brothers, Dan (Irish Whip) O'Mahoney, and many others. Boesch was an instructor in dirty fighting at Camp Wallace, Tex., but a desire to become part of a combat outfit led him to enter the infantry. He received his basic training at the Camp Wheeler, Ga., and attended the NCO school there prior to his transfer to Fort Benning.

Mountain Infantry Soldier Lives Up To His Own Name

Officer Candidate John de la Montagne's name indicates his branch of service for John "of the mountain" is a Mountain Infantry man who currently is completing his study for second lieutenant's bars in the Third Mountain Infantry.

AKRON, Ohio (CNS)—James M. McClanahan, jeweler, has an insurance policy on Adolf Hitler. If anything happens to Adolf as a result of blitz, tornado, riot, fire, collapse of bridges, or overturn of a vehicle, McClanahan collects \$100. Adolf Hitler is McClanahan's mule.

Company of the Third Student Training Regiment. Captain of the 1942 Dartmouth College speed skating team, de la Montagne, seeing an omen in his name, interested himself in mountain climbing and skiing and after his induction in the Army chose the ski troops as his branch of service. He received his basic training at the sloped approaches to picturesque Mt. Rainier.

De la Montagne's wife is the former Phoebe Correll of Laramie, Wyoming, "one-time Rocky Mountain ski champion. While at war, to peak at those peaks they have missed.

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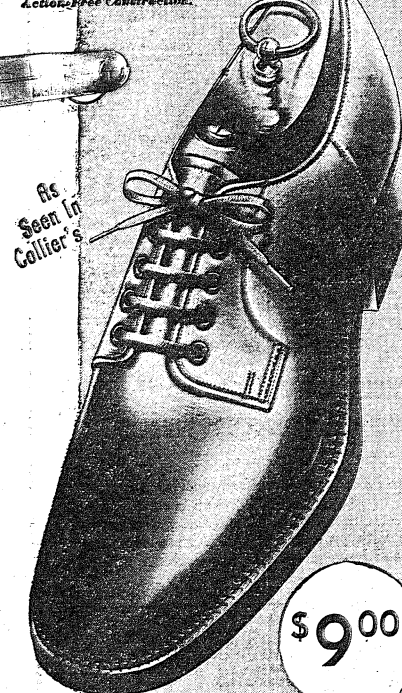
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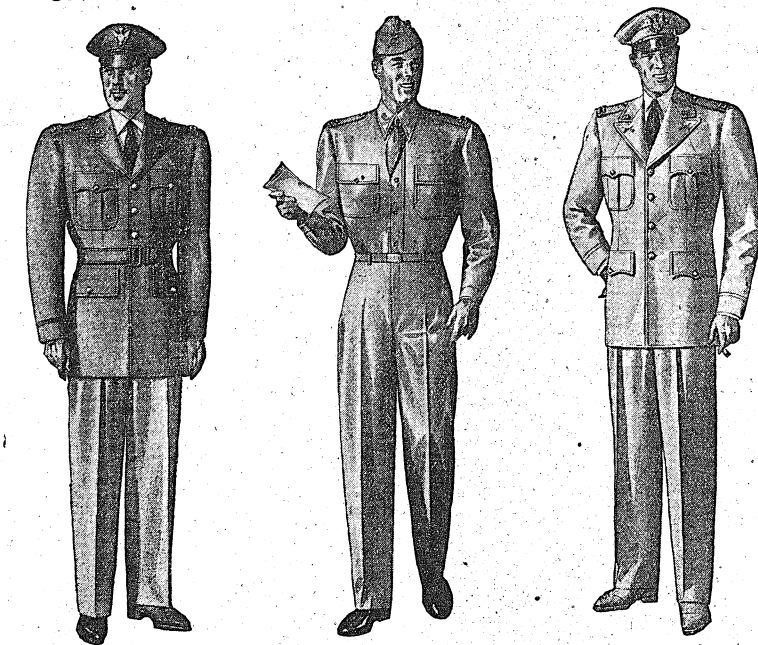
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Doughboys Play Atlanta Crackers Tonight At Gowdy

Zientara's Grand Slam Enables Infantry School To Split With Barons

Birmingham Bows 7-2 In Final Of Two Game Series

Capt. Hank Gowdy's powerful Infantry School Doughboys split a pair of games over the past week-end with the Birmingham Barons of the Southern Association. The Benning nine lost the opener of the two-game set on Saturday night at Gowdy Field by a 6-5 count, but retaliated on Sunday in the Magic City to dump the Barons, 7-2.

The Infantry School tilters took sweet revenge in Birmingham for their defeat of the night before when they banged out a victory to spoil the home opener of the Barons. A home run by Benny Zientara with three mates aboard in the ninth inning highlighted the attack.

The team went into the ninth leading 3 to 2. Simmons doubled Rundes laid down a sacrifice bunt and all hands were safe when the Barons pitcher made a vain attempt to get Simmons at third. Dabbs walked, leading the bases and setting the stage for Zientara's grand slam wallop.

A sizzling drive down the third base line in the last half of the ninth inning with two out and the tying run on second base was ruled a full ball by the umpire, and as a result all-stars when down to their only defeat of the young season Saturday evening against the Barons at Gowdy Field.

NIP AND TUCK

The game had been a nip and tuck struggle dual all the way

and the lead had changed sides several times. The Barons had gone into the lead in the seventh by virtue of a home run by First Baseman Walsh with one man on base, but the school sluggers nipped it up at seven runs apiece in their half of the seventh. Then came the fateful ninth. Thaxton tripled with one down, and after leaving had popped up to the second baseman, Walsh slammed a clean single to right field driving home the winning run.

Russo opened the home team's half of the ninth as a pinch-hitter for De Volder and struck out. Dabbs got on base on an error but was erased on a fielder's choice when Zientara grounded to the short stop. Zientara took second when the Birmingham pitcher made a bad throw to first trying to pick him off the bag. Red McCluskey, who had already had two doubles and a single as his contribution to the attack, was next at bat. He worked Pitcher Murray to a three and two count before lacing his hard smash down the third base line. The ball was foul by not more than an inch or two. On the next pitch McCluskey struck out and Birmingham had won a ball game 8 to 7.

A true account of the school's defeat Saturday is a story of too many men left on the bases. Captain Gowdy's charges made a total of fifteen base hits including doubles, and the were the recipients of four bases on balls and one base on an error, but they left fourteen men stranded on the paths. The Barons, on the other hand, made the most of their scoring opportunities.

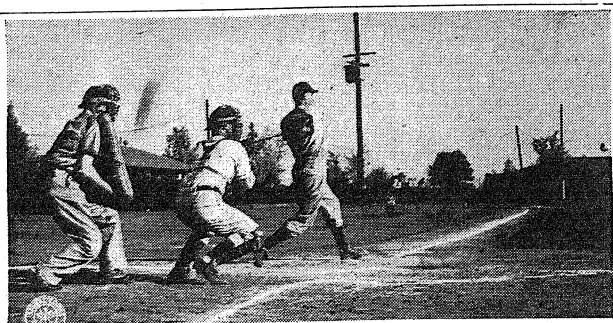


PLATE ACTION as the Birmingham Barons eked out 9-8 win over the TIS Doughboys at Gowdy Field Saturday shows Jimmy Usher, Birmingham outfielder and lead-off man, just after he slammed out a hit (ball can still be seen at right). The catcher is Stoker of the Infantry School and the umpire, Blakely. (Signal Lab Photo by Stock.)

Americans Need Have No Fear Of Terrible Nipponese Jiu-Jitsu

Yankees Build Up Legendary Invincible Jap Hand to Hand Combat

By O. C. Agis Mihalakis

If the Japs have the reputation in the United States of being virtually invincible in hand-to-hand combat because of the art of jiu-jitsu, Americans themselves have built that reputation. Yet, close study will reveal that it is a false one and not to be feared especially.

Where this occidental, etc., "Yellow Dragons" and "Gorilla Joneses." You guessed it. We refer to the sport commonly named "wrestling." There is a story behind it.

It seems as if once upon a ring there was a musclemann. He was called the Greco-Roman; trim, lithe and beehived in ankle-length John L's. The number of rules that governed the ethics of the sport by far outnumbered the wrestling holds.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN So a corn husker from Nebraska decided that it was silly to stand and maul his opponent, each rigidly upright. He fell to the expedient of taking his man off his feet and wrestling the daylight out of him on the mat. Greco-Roman was no more; "catch-as-catch-can" was born—and it raised havoc with champions from Europe to India to Oshkosh. The better man won the match and the only rules were: No kicking, biting, punching, cleaving or spitting; everything else went. This new method was challenged in Berlin, Bombay and—last but not least—in Tokyo, smack in the center of the Mikado's odiferous empire.

Ad Santel, "the man of a thousand holds," had the effrontery, in 1929, to take American catch-as-catch-can wrestling to Japan. He went through their jiu-jitsu teams like a threshing machine. This is a matter of record in 31 squeak their equivalent of "Kamrad." This was enough for the Nips. Pressure was brought to bear and Santel was ushered to the pier by a group of smiling, yellow cops and put on a speedy boat home.

Ironically, Santel somehow had fanned that the Japanese government would pin medals on his lapels and remunerate him for his magnificent showing.

TERRORS OF '39'S The 1930's brought "Terrors" and "Marvels" to the ring. Catch-as-catch-can was not wild enough for them and the fans wanted blood. They were paying for it to the tune of \$5.50 for ringside—and by the thousands.

Money talks, it is said, and in this case it also kicked, bit, gouged, gnashed and spat. Ash insurance man to look over his rate sheets of the period. In 1935 and 1936, no major insurance company would take a risk on granting life insurance to professional wrestlers.

It was catch-as-catch-can no

more; now it was "I'm going to GUZZLE you unless you GUZZLE me first!"

Just exactly what is American wrestling? A Jap jiu-jitsu team came to the United States in 1932 to show how superior jiu-jitsu was to the methods of manhandling. They went back to Japan on short notice. We saw a YMCA amateur team at Dreamland Auditorium, San Francisco, shellack, beat, trim and whale the entire Jap team in one night—with their own referee.

The AUS is teaching the private "guzzle or get guzzled" methods. They are infinitely superior to any method of physical combat insofar as they are a combination of all methods. The American must forget this bunk he hears by the hour and by the day—bunk that impresses him with the idea that Japs are tough. He must learn to trust in the instinctive American way of thinking, put a chip on his shoulder and believe in the adage: A tough, bigger guy damn well can lick a tough little guy—any time, any place, any way—and go into combat with the chip in place and the conviction that of all men on earth, he can especially lick a Jap.

Barney Ross, who is convalescing at St. Albans (N.Y.) Naval Hospital from malaria which killed him in New York City upon his return from Guadalcanal, has been promoted to a sergeant in the U. S. Marines. The former corporal and boxing champ is credited with killing 22 Japs on Guadalcanal.

Brothers-in-Law Unknowingly Live 9 Months Only 100 Yards Apart

Lt. Paul Miller of the 10th Armored Division had a brother-in-law from St. Petersburg, Fla., in the Army, but he did not know where. The brother-in-law's name was Zack Bocher, and when last seen or heard was a sergeant at Fort Myer, Va.

Since that time, Paul Miller, from West Palm Beach, Fla., has seen service in Iceland as a buck private, had returned to the States to go to OCS at Benning, and had ended up at the 10th Armored Division in the service company of the 34th Infantry.

And the lieutenant wanted to see his soldier brother-in-law, while his wife was anxious to find out how her brother was getting along. So they went to the Red Cross.

TRAIL LENGTHY The search started at Fort Myer, the last known location of the now missing sergeant. Fort Myer pointed the trail to Fort Oglethorpe, Tenn. Fort Oglethorpe put up an arrow to Camp Atterbury, Ind. And there the Red Cross drew a blank.

The search backed up to Fort Oglethorpe for a new start. This time the hounds took off for Benning. The main post at Benning said look in the Sand Hill area, there is a Sergeant Bocher with the 10th Armored. And with the faces of all concerned getting redder and redder, the trail of the missing sergeant ended up at the headquarters company of the 3rd Armored Regiment.

TOGETHER AGAIN The now Master Sergeant Bocher had been snugly living in a barracks for nine months not more than one hundred yards from the quarters of his brother-in-law.

The Red Cross closed its file, the sister probably scolded the brother for not writing, and the brothers-in-law settled down to tracing their army careers which had brought them under the shadow of each other's nose.

Prendergast and Dickerson Will Hurl for TIS Nine Against Pros

Rivals Play Final Two Games Next Week In Atlanta

The Infantry School all-star baseball team winds up a highly satisfactory week of competition tonight with its second in as many days with the Atlanta Crackers of the Southern Association. A large crowd is expected to witness the last showing of the school nine at Gowdy Field until April 24th when they will play hosts to Camp Wheeler.

The soldier team has already amassed an enviable record against first rate opposition in twelve games. They defeated the Columbus Foxes and Georgia Tech handsly last week and then split a pair of good games with the Birmingham Barons over the week-end.

Manager Al Leitz of the Crackers has with him a squad of 21 players well balanced between seasoned veterans and rookies coming up from lower leagues. Leitz

himself is the first strong catcher while Chester and Gildo Nijrich are battling for the runner-up spot.

Infield Line-up

The Atlanta infield lines up with Harry Hughes, a newcomer on first base, Parker on second, Roy Hartford on short, and Charlie Gloom at the hot corner. Ray Theobald might be seen at second or short while Theard came along as a substitute first baseman. Leon Treadway, Marshall Mauldin and Lindsay Deal will be patrolling the outer garden at the start of the game with Clarence Manning around for extra protection.

Leitz has eight pitchers to choose from tonight's game. They are rookie left hander Charlie Cozart, Bill Tyers, Vernon Curtis, Edgar Chittwood, Floyd Stromme, Johnny Wilson, Pep Rambert, and Bud Tibbory.

Captain Gowdy was not certain what his starting line-up would be for tonight's game, but he said it would be similar to his talent array for the earlier games, with the exception of shortstop where Dill

Williams will get a chance to show what he has learned during several big league baseball experience.

In Pitcher's Box

Prendergast and Dickerson will probably do the pitching with George Simmons as the starting catcher. However, Stan Reft or Merlin Stoker might get the backstopping assignment.

The TIS infield will line up with Moore on first, Zientara on second and McCluskey on third as usual, but Williams will be tried in the short stop berth instead of Charlie Bamberger. George Hill, Chester Dabbs, and either Buddy Lewis or Garnett Mercer will start in the outfield.

The Infantry School athletes will return the Crackers' visit next week when they play afternoon games Tuesday and Wednesday in Ponce de Leon Park, Atlanta. The team will return to Gowdy Field for a twilight contest against Camp Wheeler Saturday, April 24th and an afternoon game the following day. The Wheeler team is led by Cecil Travis, former star Washington Senator infielder.

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'Full Many' Gem Of Purest Ray Serene

Verse Contest Reveals Many Excellent Poets

Bards' Efforts Result In Production Of Some Really Fine Versifying

When the Bayonet announced its War Bond contest last month, the editors were certain that a great many poetic efforts would be submitted, some good, some bad, some indifferent.

But frankly we were not quite prepared for the great influx of verse which came pouring, even less were we expecting such a quantity of really fine verse. More than 125 verse entries were submitted, and the judges tell us they had a difficult task in selecting the first five prize winners. Without mentioning any persons, several Benning bards revealed that they have a real sense of the poetic as well as a fine grasp of the mechanics and technique of versifying. Several of the poems indicate that the poets possess an excellent sense of the dramatic with the development of an unexpected climax. Another poem is a fine epic on the rise of the American nation. The editors regret that space does not permit the publication of all verse submitted, but the readers of the Bayonet are invited to peruse carefully the work of those which we are able to publish below. It will be well worth the time necessary. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene" may be included.

"RIVER"

2nd Prize, Verse
A river starts endlessly
Weaving with water
Patterns lands follow
Love begins eternally
Producing with fervor
Labyrinths of wonder.
A river flows onward
Untrammelled, untouched,
Complete and abstract.
Love is entangled,
Interlaced in a web,
Diffused with an echo.
Why is one unfettered and free—
The other a bond?
Which fetters me?

Cpl. A. T. Roigard
Co. E, 29th Inf.

"ENCOUNTER"

3rd Prize, Verse
I looked at him, he looked at me,
We both looked at each other.
He looked enough just like myself
To be my baby brother.
Far off a bomb bursts crimson fire,
Far off at home are waiting
My wife, my mother, all my folks—
I am so sick of hating.
The sun stands high in copper sky,
The bloom is on the clover.
It looks so like the little place
I'm going when it's over.

I saw a smile gleam on his face,
As though my thoughts had filled him.
He took a forward step—and I—
I raised my gun and killed him.
By James E. Andrews,
Cpl., Hq. Co., Reception Center

TREES

4th Prize, Verse
Of all the things for me to be,
I had to be a lousy tree.
A tree that stands out in the street,
With little doggies at my feet.
I'm nothing else, but alas;
A comfort station in the grass.
I lift my leafy arms to pray,
Go away, little doggies, go away.
A nest of robins I must wear,
And what they do gets in my hair.
Of all the things for me to be,
I had to be a damned old tree.
Paul G. Arendt
Hq. Co. 3rd S. T. R.

SEEK NOT

5th Prize, Verse
Seek not a powerful beauty,
'Tho' beauty is what we adore.
Go not abroad for flow'rs beautiful,
For they grow right at your door.

Seek not a strength to soar and fly,
Remain, toil and labor like the rest.
Seek not to kill and painfully destroy,
The hand, that held you to its breast.

Seek not to love that which is far,
But that which is doubtfully near;
For love has but one strong enemy,
That one, we dread called "FEAR."

Seek not to change that which Nature builds,
It is estimated that New York City has 1,670,000 telephones.

"I understand why the things you've read
About the airmen and daring deeds
And deathless gallantry up in the sky,
And reckless battles where men die
With scarcely time to reason why,
Have gone to your adventurous
I may be wrong but I think I'm right—
The Infantry is our real might;
All other arms just help the fight
That must be fought when ground is won
From little Jap or stubborn Hun;
And when all is over and said,
And done,
The speeches made and the talk begun,
When the field is quiet and the dead remain
For burial in some strange terrain,
Where the maggots crawl and the wounded call
For water, this is not there at all,
Who holds the ground? Who reckons the loss and gain?
Who bore the brunt of the battle's strain?"

Seek not to conceal sorrow and pain,
For happiness is sure to come again.
Life itself is periodical torment,
And NOTHING is permanent...
But the present moment.

Seek not to live a dreamers life,
Unreal, unsafe, and full of strife,
And as we live so shall we die,
For life will pass a DREAMER by.
By Benning's Unknown Soldier.

TO VERONICA

I sit here watching the blue sky
The music is playing so sweet
My heart yearns for you, my dear
And from my head way down to my feet.
You can't imagine the terror
That all this has brought about
But in spite of all these confusions
When I think of you I just shout:
Day by day I work at my duties
And try to do my best
But until I hear those words from you
I'm sure that I'll never rest.

Wherever I am in the daytime
Whether moping or sweeping the floor
Again each pause brings back memories
That makes me love you more.

I believe that our hearts are together
And that our feelings are the same
So with these good thoughts in our minds
We'll march happily in HIS name.
You're so sweet, so precious, so loving,
I want you from head to toes
I long for the touch of your sweet lips
And my love for you always grows.

Sometimes I wonder what would happen
If you were to leave me cold
And I know that I'd never attempt again
To let my heart get so bold.

I love you and want to make you happy
And I'll work for you like a slave
And all that I ask of you my dear
Is to be honest with "love" and be brave.

And as I'm ending these sweet words
Let's look to Him up above
That he may guard our intentions
And keep sacred our holy love.

PETER ARICO, JR.
MED. DET. 29TH INF.

PRaise THE SILK

As I sat in the plane with my chute on my back
I was as frightened as could be,
The jump master was ready in the door
I know for I could see
The boys on the ground looked like bugs from afar
The ground it looked so black,
"Stand Up and Hook Up!" the jump master cried,
And I found myself on my "Back."

I stood on my feet as shaky as could be
With my knees just beating a tune,
But bravely I said, "Move over and give me room."
I stood in that door with a prayer-cry on my lips,
Wondering why I was there,
When I saw the jump master leave the plane
And sail out into the air.
Then out I went into the blue
With my face as white as could be,
I tried to count and check my feet
But God, why couldn't I see???

I opened my eyes and my chute finally opened
My knees even stopped knocking,
I looked up above and I saw my true love,
Made from 400 silk stockings.
IRVING E. TAFFEL
CO. "F", 1ST S. T. R.

THE INFANTRYMAN

"I want a transfer," the young soldier said,
"Out of the Infantry, out of the mud;
Out of the trenches, away from the blood;
Away from the rifle and dry hard-tack.
And crawling things and a heavy pack.
I saw a plane the other day,
Up in the clouds in the clean, cool sky.
And with the Captain's permission I'd like to go there."
I want to go to the Air Corps," the soldier said,
"And fly an airplane and sleep in bed,
And maybe die, but die with glory."
Not in a squad, all torn and gory
On some red field untold in story...

"Now, think a minute," his Captain said,
The young soldier paused,
The Chief's ears crashed
One chief and two drivers were injured.

San Francisco. (CNS)—An alarm for a minor fire was answered by two chiefs, both approaching from different directions. Both drivers had their sirens going, so neither heard the other. The chiefs' cars crashed. One chief and two drivers were injured.

The Little Things

By OC MILES B. BAKER, 5th Co., 3rd S. T. R.

For these I would live if the end seemed close.
The hand of fate beckoning near,
For these I would strive to delay the hours;
Once again to relive the years.

The smell of hay freshly mown,
The air after a shower—
Of moss-covered stones by a spring;
The delicate scent of a flower.

The smell from a pipe on a misty night,
Of burning brush piles,
A flickering lantern, its light—
Of river bottoms, wet corn in shock, and grass;
Sweet anise, honeysuckle and sassafras.

These, my lad, are the little things,
For these would I live again.

The soft little touch of a baby's hand,
The hearty clasp of a man's,
The lingering smell of a woman's kiss,
The sincere smile of a friend.

The ring of an axe on a frosty morn,
Of walking barefoot in sand,
The merry lilt of a whistled tune;
The earthly smell of new-plowed land.

The bark of a squirrel, the bay of a hound,
A crow's harsh call—a ground bird's cry;
Wild geese in the night,
Dead leaves, fall—

These, my son, are the little things,
Through them I'd live again.

BIM BAM BOOGIE WOOGIE

(Portrait of a Negro Night Club)

A hide beat flat with a boogie bat
A Harlem gent in a garrison hat
At Main and Twelfth you'll send yourself
With the bim bam boogie woogie.

The joint gets hot and the gators sweat
The maestro shouts "got the men to beat"
A guy goes broke but it's all a joke
It's the bim bam boogie woogie.

You'll hear popping corks
And the sound of tinkling forks
But no one ever squawks
"It's a thriller, it's a killer."

The trumpet man tears the air
With notes
The hatcheck girl trucks behind the coats
It's half past two your gal and you
And the bim bam boogie woogie.

Pfc. Gordon B. Anderson
1st Company, 1st STR.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

To where the latitude of dream
meets the longitude of dare
Westward pushed the course of
America was there.

Men came seeking a dream they
dared to find
Beyond the hazards of time and space,
Beyond the wilderness of their
own mind,
Beyond the lost horizons of the past.

And the fingers of the wind turn
the pages of history
And the ages evaluate the years,
And in the diary of destiny
The dream is ever present
The dream that find them tough.

And slowly the story is unfurled
in imponderables to lead the world.

For the dream grew rugged in
breadth and width—
Pizarro—Champlain—Captain
John Smith—
Arrows wrapped in snake-skin,
snakeskin filled with shot.

The axe building homes the musket
trod not in arrows,
Till the witch of Salem riding her
broom.

Rough swept the dream into a
narrow road,
Buried by taxes, chained by op-
pression—
A dream is a thing won't make a
concession.

So it split the dark through a
thousand cracks
To warm the spine in strong
shouldered backs,
Pleading lustily with defiant
breath.

"Give me liberty or give me
death..."
And muskets were taken down
from the wall,
Yes—this was worth fighting for—
that was all.

Inevitable the truths the dream
dictates
"We the people of the United
States..."

And the lightning from the many
sources
Was grasped in a firmly tightened
fist
And the fire-forks twisted and
pointed high
To form a torch to light up the
dark.

Brightening the dark for the
world to see
The eternal symbol of Liberty,
Alas! man walked with the dignity
of MAN.

When a people became American
The dream grew brighter, men
following its gleams
Along Indian trails, the rivers and
streams.

Others came seeking—"the scum
of the earth,"
Seeking a land to put their full
worth in
In the melting pot where honest
West would blend them as one with
the native soil.

And cities grew and the dream
dictated
Encompassing all the land about
Until Mars breath in the body
politic.

Left the dream, a flame fluttering
on the wick.
But the dream is One and cannot
fail.

Though a sword should cleave it
to detail
And men pledge allegiance with
mind and heart

THE NIGHT PATROL

Eight good men of company B
Were sent out on patrol
Seven died and one came back
And here's the tale he told.

We started out in dead of night
With firearms tried and true
A BAR for Private Dyke
And one grenade or two.

The rest of us our M-1's bore
Except for Corporal O'Shea
For in his hand was firmly
grasped
An antitank gun .03.

Our faces were smeared a ghastly
gray
To keep from reflecting the light
And bells were drawn set and
firm
Till all our packs were tight.

And each of us in perfect health
Set out to meet the foe
Far down the dusky jungle path
Just where we did not know.

A little after twilight
Within a dusky glade
I dug myself a foxhole
With my trusty spade.

My job within the unit
Was to scrutinize the trail
Least some filthy sniper
Should neutralize our tail.

The other fellows scattered
Into the jungle deer
To gather information for
Our company in the rear.

At eight o'clock or after
Spent to me,
I heard a gurgling sound
As if some faithful guinea
Had pulled its victim down.

Then not a sound for hours
Nor forms in the light of the moon
I hoped with dark foreboding
The rest would come back soon.

I watched quite cold and anxious
While water drenched my feet
But only the jungle stillness
As all I had to greet.

Far past the assembly hour
"Till the light must soon appear
I carried out my mission
To guard the unit's rear.

Then knowing that my comrades
Were lost, or maybe dead
I started for the company
With all the news I had.

"THE HAND, THE HEART,
THE TONGUE"

The tongue so boneless, small and
weak,
Can heal and hate with little
speech,
Can heal and save, both mind and
soul
Often thought more precious than
gold.

Protects our homes, country and
land,
Secrets are passed from man to
man
The storehouse for the tongue...
the heart.

Men have bought,
Men have sold
Things more precious than purest
gold.

Men have spied,
Men have lied,
With that little tongue.

For the heart, the Hebrew says of
old,

SGT. A. J. SKLINS,
Hq. 2 Hq. Co., 508th Para. Inf
Regt.

LINE TO A FATHER

CORP. HENRY B. MILSTEAD

Headquarters Co., 3rd STR.

This day I think of you, each year
this day,
As deep April throws her mantle,
soft and white,
Over the hills we used to walk,
we two.

Then you were young and tall
and straight,
Your stride was swift, your eyes
were eagle bright,
The days slipped by, so gradual
the change,

I did not seem to know
That time had laid its hand upon
your brow,
And one day you had gone be-
yond the hills,
Above the far horizon, dim and
blue,

Blazing a trail I could no longer
find,
Many a moon has waned and suns
have set
Since I have walked without you,
but your voice
Comes often to me in the still dark
hours,

Gently, like a benedictine pray-
er,
Bidding me face the perils of the
day
Without a flinch or falter.

Sometimes as I wander far afield,
I feel your guiding hand upon
my arm
And stars shine out before me
in the dawn,
Leading me to some strange des-
tiny...

The greening world may turn a
thousand times,
But this has borne itself into my
heart:
That mystery and romance never
died—
And one far day we'll walk again
together

Beside some thunderous river in
the hills,
The open space and quick cool
breeze,
Smoking our pipes in silence, as
men do...

This day I think of you, each year
this day.

By Benning's Unknown Soldier.

THE MEDICOS

We aren't the first at the battle
scene,
But we're always last to leave,
And we've seen such sights
through the smoke's gray
screen
That would be hard for you to
believe.

We've seen the earth where armies
fought
Turned red by human blood,
And we've watched the buzzards
as they sought
For corpses in the mud.

We've heard the screams of dyin-
ing men
Like screams that come from
hell
For the screams of a dying man
are worse
Than the scream of a falling
shell.

SGT. Bert L. Branan,
Hq. 4th Bn. 1st STR.

DESTROYS man, his body and soul

Shakespeare: "Woe be it unto any
one,
Who cannot win out with only
tongue."

So goes an old scrupulous pro-
verb,
"Hands rock the cradle, rule the
world."
And with his hands, not heart, nor
tongue,
Nero ruled, while Rome was
burned.

In seventeen hundred and seven-
ty-five,
That today free men may sur-
vive
That all men's tongue and heart
& hand,
May live and labor in Freedom's
Land.

A hand that guided a horse so
swift,
The voice began to sink and lift,
"The British are coming by land
and sea,
Arise and save De-moc-ra-cy
(ccc)."

In seventeen hundred and seven-
ty-six,
The hand and heart began to fix
A plan to make this country free,
Abolishing forms of Treason-ry
(nee).

Be it so, let each man agree,
Equally important are all three.
The Hand, The Heart, The Bone-
less Tongue.
All helped to make this nation...
One.

By Benning's Unknown Soldier.

LONESOME

I'm lonesome for the ones I love,
The Texas stars and skies above,
I'm lonesome for my home town,
too,
For all my friends but mostly you.

I'm lonesome for those shady
trees,
The open space and quick cool
breeze,
I'm lonesome for my little wife,
My darling baby so full of life.

I'm lonesome for that little kid,
For many months I've grown to
miss,
I'm lonesome for those nights at
home,
With my darling wife and not
alone.

So when our job is completely
through,
I'm coming home again to you,
We'll do our job as good men,
That we may never be lonesome
again.

SGT. F. M. Swift, Jr.,
1st Asst. Co.,
Para. School.

O BEAUTIFUL SKY

O beautiful sky as I gaze at thee
Humbled am I at thy beauty and
infinity,
Your endless color of blue so clear
Makes the entire world seem
very dear.
Like a protecting cover over the
land
You seem to me from my beach
of sand.

O beautiful sky as I gaze at thee
Away from land, far out in the
sea,
The twinkling stars to us seem to
say:
With our faith in God he will
lead the way,
To a successful journey for which
we learn
And he promises us also a safe
return.

O beautiful sky as I gaze at thee
Flying in the air you seem near-
est to me,
High above the earth into your
clouds we soar
Our ship invading your silence
we remind me,
Sailing through the mists with its
fleecey lining,
We know we sail on, the sun will
be shining.

O beautiful sky as I gaze at thee
Your billowing clouds seem to
reminde me,
That from the heavens rain will
pour
To refresh the good earth once
more,
Then the lovely rainbow as your
clouds melt away.
Adds to my faith in our creator
today.

As I gaze at thee O beautiful sky
The long day wanes and night
draws nigh,
From out of the west across
through space
The beauty of color adding to
your grace,
All of God's gifts, O nature be-
hold
The beautiful sky never grows
old.

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A plan

'Tis Wise to Build Rear Door on House

Palluchi's Enemy Evens The Score Once And For All

BY O. C. W. L. SACKS, 6th Co., 3rd SR

We were rushing back and forth shouting like scared devils in front of the burning building. A big red blotch broke the darkness of the sky. Small sparks darted upward and were suddenly puffed away by the high wind. In our town of six-hundred people, there isn't much that we can do to save a building after it has caught fire. What we try to do is keep the blaze from spreading. That was what we were trying to do the night Palluchi's house burned. Some of us were on the bucket brigade, dampening roofs of nearby houses and wetting the grounds around them. Others dug up earth about the house with shovels, and a few were using the big chemical spray which was mounted on a wagon. Through words yelled from one man to another, I learned that Palluchi was at a Christening and wasn't expected back until morning.

I stopped for a moment to wipe the perspiration from my face. My eyes were smarting and my throat burned. My chest felt as if a big lump of lead were pressing on it. I had to rest.

Johnny Burton, he, my neighbor, came up to me, put his buckets down wearily, and gazed at the blazing mass. "Bad," he mumbled. "Plenty," I replied. "The mob on the other side of the street are saying that Palluchi's bootlegging enemies did it. Put him on the spot for not dividing equally with them," he told me. "Well, we'll never know," I told him as we both took up our buckets again and started for the pump. "I was just emptying my second bucket again and started for the pump, when someone jerked my arm. It was Palluchi. His face was working—twisting into weird patterns. His nails dug into my shoulders. "Da wife? Da kids?" "All safe." "Da papers? Dey gotta de papers?" "I didn't know about any papers. He looked at my face queerly then while about. "Stop," I screamed. "He was running toward the house. He leaped upon the porch."

Exchange Shoe, Hat Repair Shop, In New Quarters

Exchange Shoe and Hat Repair Shop, located at Doughboy Stadium, opened Monday in new quarters in the Shopping Center, across the street from the main post exchange.

Other activities now housed in the recently completed center include the exchange clothing store, and the tailor shop. It is planned that the watch repair shop, the barber shop, and the beauty parlor will also be housed in this structure as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed.

19 Enlisted Men Of Supply Division Get Promotions

The promotion of 19 enlisted men in the Supply Detachment, Supply Division, Section One, Fourth Service Command, to fill vacancies existing in that organization has been announced at post headquarters.

Corporal William F. Toney has been promoted to sergeant, and Privates First Class Charles H. Allen, Lascom E. Rice, Jr., and John J. Lehman have been raised to corporals. Privates First Class Harry K. Vance, J. L. Beach, Floyd E. Rogers and Armando Bello have been promoted to the rank of technicians fifth grade.

Privates Frank R. Bocci, Axel F. Jensen, Henry V. Frankfield, Alexander G. Ganser, Jr., Benjamin Gollub, James R. Lancaster, Edward C. Milan, Roy A. Miles, Frank Olshinsky, David A. Wall and Russell S. Slocum have been raised to privates first class.

opened the door and banged it after him. "I started after him but someone caught my arm. "But Palluchi is in there," I pleaded. "Palluchi?" "Yes. He's after something in there."

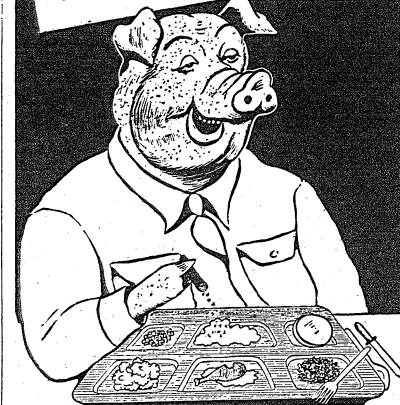
"Well, let him get it. GUSH OF SMOKE The man rushed up to the door and pushed it open only to be met with a cloud of dense smoke which started him coughing violently.

"We can't open the door. The air will help spread the fire," he gasped. "A man I had never seen before touched my shoulder. "If you're worried about the man who just went in there, I saw him go out the back door," he said smoothly.

Just then the fire engines from Henderson county drove up, and in an hour or so, the fire was under control. The next morning my wife woke me to answer a telephone call from Burton. "It's Palluchi, Jim. They've found him! Burned to a crisp. Can you get over here?"

I got into my clothes and hurried to the scene of the fire. It had begun to drizzle and everything looked gray and dreary. Most depressing of all was the steaming embers from the house.

A PIG AT THE TABLE WHO WASTES WHAT HE TAKES KEEPS FOOD FROM THE MEN WHO DESERVE BETTER BREAKS!



Lowly Private Sees Ace Shoot Down 'Gray One'

4th Pfc. Features BY PFC. SAM KATZ Co. "E"—158C

This morning was no different from fifty-eight previous ones. As far as the Private was concerned, things were sorry indeed. Day after day it had been one continuous grind of cleaning guns, greasing guns, and making others do the same thing. A most boring and monotonous existence indeed.

His thoughts were none too pleasant as he scampered up the hill which would leave him about fifty yards in the rear of the Golden One. He took such good care of it, as their war effort. From every perspective and outlook things were none too pleasant as he saw it.

It was a cold and foggy morning in November and the darkness still enveloped the landscape. A shroud of gray, low-hanging clouds. And it was quite quiet with all the section men out on O'Brien Range this particular morning. The Private had a feeling that nothing would ever happen to him around the shed.

With somber thoughts he began his normal routine. The first chore was to collect all the oily waste and dirty rags which had accumulated in the clean-up of the night before. About fifty feet north-east of the shed was pit which the Freeder had dug for this purpose. He struck a match and thought how easily oily wastes caught fire. Once in a while thick black smoke died down slightly. Whereupon the Private poked the fire with a metal rod he had salvaged from the old grease pit nearby.

PANORAMA SPREADS From his hill perch he could see the panorama for many yards. As his eyes took in the view he began to feel something was about to happen. Funny that he never felt this before. He had done the very same thing for many mornings. But somehow this morning hadn't seemed to be like the rest. Today his senses seemed to be sharper. He sensed something was up, and up was high in the air above him. Now he saw it overhead. It was the first aerial combat. The oldest dog fight of all time. A struggle which had started with the Creation and which was still in progress. And he the Private had been singled out to watch in awe and wonder. His body turned to the southwest.

Far, far, far off and at a great height he saw the Gray One. Huge, powerful, sleek, despotic and arrogant. The Gray One thundered along with breath-taking speed. And showed no mercy to anything in its wake or in its path. It cut the air like a heavy rain which overpowers haplessleaves and crush by sheer weight alone. Unrelenting in its fury, stalking, punishing and eager for the kill. This was the Gray One. He was superbly equipped and waiting for the fray. His was the fight for the sheer love of fighting. And he was on top now. He had altitude and clouds to play hide and seek with his enemy. His was the initial advantage. It was his will to battle and he was strong and ready. And then the Private turned to the northeast.

THE GOLDEN ONE At a great distance to the left of an avenue of telephone poles just behind an airframe heavily camouflaged by a thick cluster of evergreens, he saw the Golden One begin his long, graceful take-off into the wind. The Private gazed fixedly as the newcomer soared far out over Cusseta at a

seemingly low altitude. The gray clouds were beginning to lift over head. And then with a surge of unquenchable and not to be denied power the Golden One zoomed upward, upward, UPWARD, HIGHER and HIGHER as straight as a rocket bound for the top of the sky. He flew in a line swinging from far off in the east, banked to the left and came on as straight as a die westward, forever westward.

The Private stood silent, awed and alert. Then the Gray One heard the onrush of the Golden One. He lay in wait, in silent ambush, hoping to strike one surprise blow and thus soften up his foe. Suddenly the antagonists were locked in combat. The Golden One had climbed so fast that he leveled off directly parallel to the Gray One. Now at right angles. Now face to face, nose to nose and then finally eye to eye. The Golden One kept blazing away at the other with his eyes splitting red hot fire. The Gray One willed as the fire power of his stronger opponent wore him down. He turned and fled. The Golden One rose higher and higher as the loser disappeared into the far away clouds.

MAKER OF THE SKIES The Golden One was master of the skies for this day. Tonight a refreshed Gray One might return to take command in a new battle. But to the Private it was a great day. He had seen an ace in action, and had seen the ace emerge a victor. The Golden One had risen from the east to become sovereign of the skies. The Golden Sun had risen in the east. The vanquished gray was the moon. There would be no rain today. The Private smiled softly as he poked his metal rod in the fire and inwardly commented on the beauty of the day.

Steis Named Assistant S-2 Of 3rd Regiment Appointment of First Lieut. William Burton Steis, Brandy Camp, Pa., as assistant intelligence officer of the Third Student Training Regiment here has been approved by Col. R. H. Lord, regimental commander. In his new post, Lieutenant Steis will handle investigations and courts martial work.

Before his assignment to regimental headquarters, Lieutenant Steis was serving as a tactical officer in one of the officer candidate companies of the regiment. He was commissioned a second lieutenant Aug. 24, 1942, and advanced in rank to first lieutenant March 19, this year. He formerly

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the broken glass and the scattered, charred bricks. And there, about four feet from the door, or at least where it had been, lay Palluchi, a black, shriveled cinder. I remember the strange man, the rumor about bootleggers, I remembered suddenly that Palluchi's house was built on a slope with the foundation of the back so high that there had been no back door.

Truck Unit Gives To RC

To show their appreciation and high regard for the fine work of the American Red Cross, officers and enlisted personnel of the Provisional Truck Regiment, Infantry School Service Command, contributed generously to the recent fund raising effort sponsored by that worthy and well known organization.

Although no formal appeal for funds was made, personnel up, hearing of their chance to voluntarily have a part in this effort, readily responded and, according to figures released by Colonel Frank J. Vida, the Regimental Commander, within a few days the officers had contributed \$111 while the enlisted men, many of whom had just arrived, were giving \$405.

Unsolicted During the time when contributions were being accepted, many and various unsolicited reasons for these donations were given by the men. Some had received furloughs as a result of the Red Cross aid, others had been given help with family problems and still others had memories of assistance from this organization. One soldier gave an unusually large sum, with the statement that he wanted to express his gratitude for a personal favor extended him by one of their branch officers and all contributors were loud in their praise of such a merciful agency—thankful that an organization so universal in its efforts could still handle the most minute problems right at home.

Buying Bonds Continuing their wise use of funds coming to them, these men of the Provisional Truck Regiment, have not forgotten their duty to their country and have been supporting the War Bond effort with increasing enthusiasm. Captain Ross, Third Battalion Executive Officer, who is the Regimental War Bonds Officer, states that February cash purchases were well over \$800 and that pay roll deductions ran into the four figure column. These evidences of members of this regiment contributing to worthwhile agencies are true indications of the caliber of the men who made up one of the army's largest, and busiest truck units.

CHANUTE FIELD, Ill.—(CNS) A spelling bee between soldiers of this Base and gals from a nearby United States Organization club showed the servicemen cast a spell over the ladies. When all the T's had been crossed and all the I's dotted the score was: Soldiers -- 31 right; Girls -- 25 right. Each team had a chance at 38 words.

Engines built for use in America's planes are tested to operate in temperatures ranging from 87 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above.

was stationed with the Service Company of the 112th Infantry and held the grade of first sergeant and fulfilled the duties of transportation chief in that unit when he entered upon active service.

Pat Kept Jump Ahead Of History Until Draft

Served As Trooper With Canadian Royal Dragoons

Scion of an Army family, Candidate Patrick A. Lennon of the 24th Company, Third Student Training Regiment, has been present at many places throughout the world where military history was being made or was about to be made.

He was born in Maymyo, Burma, where his father, John Lennon, was a member of the British Army garrison. The father, now retired, and living in Dublin, Ireland, was twice decorated for bravery during his Army career, which covered the Boer War and World War I era.

Candidate Lennon's first acquaintance with gunfire was made while he was a youngster in Burma. He was idly gazing at an object hanging from a tree when an Army officer ran up and fired a pistol at the strange thing over head, which proved to be a cobra. Later the Lennon family removed to Aldershot, England, the famous infantry and artillery school, British counterpart of Fort Benning. Then the family went to Dublin, arriving just in time for the Easter Week rebellion.

After a brief business career in England, the younger Lennon went to Canada where he joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons, renowned cavalry organization, in which he served for six years. Lennon won several prizes and ribbons for horsemanship in competition in the Dragoons and thoroughly enjoyed the life as a trooper but he returned to civilian life in 1935, settling in St. Albans, Long Island, N. Y. He was married and comfortably situated when Selective Service beckoned last August, resulting in his going to Camp Croft, S. C., for basic training. He began his officer's training here Jan. 2.

LAFF OF THE WEEK—NEW YORK—(CNS)—A group of Naval cadets in training at Columbia University here were left standing outside one wintry day while their leader entered a building to find out exactly where they should report. While he was gone a group of small boys began peeping the officers-to-be with snowballs. The cadets were taking it indulgently when the leader returned. Grasping the situation at a glance he became a man of action. "Left, FACE!" he snapped, then "Fire at will!" The boys withdrew in the face of a force with superior fire power.



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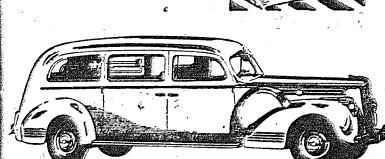
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Post Clothing Repair Shop Largest Military Unit Of Kind In South

Unit Can Mend More Than 30,000 Garments Per Month

Addition last month of 68 machines and 36 women from the Columbus WPA has made the Clothing and Equipage Repair Section of the Quartermaster Reclamation Shops at Fort Benning into the largest such shop of its kind, military or civilian, in the South, and in all likelihood as large or larger than any other similar Army repair shop in the nation, according to Colonel Stephen B. Massey, Fort Benning's director of supply.

This was achieved on March 12, when the enlarged repair shop went into full operation, prepared to repair 30 to 40 thousand garments and pieces of equipment each month without strain of any sort. Prior to that date, the shop had only 12 seamstresses and was able to handle only a small part of the clothing repair work on the post. Most of the work had been sent to the WPA in Columbus by the Reclamation Section of the Quartermaster Corps for repair.

The lot of many pieces of the damaged clothing would be dust-rag life if they were in the possession of the average American housewife because they are so

and Equipage Repair Shop to its present size. Today, a total of 14 sewing machines are utilized and number of employees range from 78 to 80.

WELL EQUIPPED

Sixty-six of the machines are stitchers, three of them are button machines and one each are over-edge, felling, button hole, special double needle, and Eastman rotary cutter machines. The over-edge machine is specially constructed to finish blanket edges, while the felling machine closes side seams on work clothes. The button hole machine makes button holes of any size, and makes them look almost as good as new. The double needle machine is used mostly for putting on patch pockets, while the rotary cutter cuts patches in large quantities.

Of the 68 machines brought from the WPA, 64 were stitchers and four were special machines. All special machines are operated by three women employees who are specially trained in the work. Clothing and equipment come to the shop from many sources, including excess clothing from various units, clothing turned in by soldiers who have received discharges, and clothing which has been worn out by soldiers and turned in by supply sergeants for "salvage." The clothing and equipment range from an "almost new" state to a state of almost utter uselessness by former civilian standards.

Operated under the general direction of Colonel Massey, the Clothing and Equipage Repair Shop is under the immediate direction of First Lieutenant W. C. Crisley, a native of Columbus, Ohio, and Quartermaster Reclamation Officer, who is also in charge of the shoe repair shop. The several other quartermaster repair shops.

ALL TYPES MENDED

All types of clothing are included in the items repaired by the shop, and some new processes, worked out here at Fort Benning, have been put into practice by the shop.

Raincoats, for example, are patched like rubber tires by a process Lieutenant Crisley himself experimented with and found to be far more efficient than the usual method of repair. Running across some rubberized cement in the tent, he brought them under his supervision, Lieutenant Crisley decided to try "cold patches" similar to those used on punctured automobile inner tubes. The area around the tear or hole in the raincoat is cleaned thoroughly by a mixture of ammonia and benzine and a neat patch is placed over the tear from the inside and held by the rubberized cement.

The former method of sewing patches on the raincoats was not nearly so effective. The new method saves considerable time and money, and most important of all, leaks none whatsoever, while sewn patches sometimes were inclined to slip a little when the raincoat was in use. The only time a machine touches a raincoat for this repair now is when a new button-hole is made on the coat.

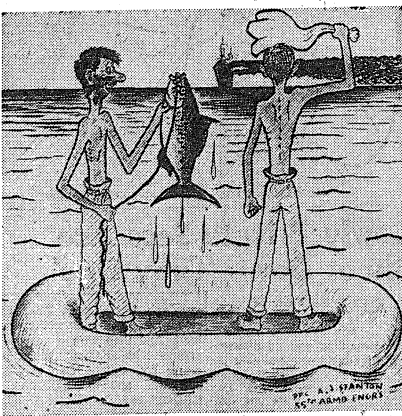
When the clothing and equipment comes into the shop for repair, they range from mattress covers to laundry nets, from barracks bags to mosquito bars, from shelter halves to woolen blankets and cotton comforters, and from prosaic O. D. clothes to the yet more prosaic herringbone twill. The clothing and equipment goes first to the ripping and sorting group in the shop and are sorted into types as to material and as to kind of repair needed. If the unit finds certain of the clothing is unfit for repairs as a whole, the strong parts are ripped off and saved until enough different parts are collected for entire garments. If the individual bit of clothing can be repaired satisfactorily it is sent to the proper group for repairs, by the forelady at the machines inspection table, who allows the clothing to the various machines within the specialized groups.

WORKERS CLASSIFIED

The workers are divided into special groups for special duties, just as an extremely well run factory. However, when new workers are hired, all of them, regardless of the extent of their previous training, are put into a training group and taught specifically and carefully the work of the shop. All of them are taught to know the types of material, the types of weaves and cloth, enabling them to match all patches on garments, and the best



WHAT WILL MR. ROOSEVELT THINK IF HE DROPS IN AND SEES YOU LOOKIN' LIKE A BUM? (1st Prize, Comic Cartoons) Double entry



GEE! I HOPE THEY'VE GOT A CAMERA! (1st Prize, Comic Cartoons) Double entry

method of repairing each type of clothing or equipment. This each worker will know from experience and training exactly the types of patching and material to use on each individual item coming up for repair.

After completion of the training period, the workers are put into one of the skilled groups, which include field jacket, blanket, comforter, wool shirts, wool pants, and herringbone, to mention but a few. The size of each group depends upon the volume of clothing or equipment of each type coming through the shop.

Clothing is divided into two general groups—Class B, and Class X. Class B clothing probably has been worn, but is still good for re-issue after repairs. The hand-repairing group repairs such woolen clothing and material which shows only minor breaks in material which cannot be detected after repairs.

Class X clothing has been so worn and patched that there are outward evidences of repair. However, it is never wasted in any respect, and the good material from the various items are picked up in every case. Such clothing is utilized by the Army for field maneuvers, landing operations and other activities which would speedily make Class A or Class B clothes facsimiles of the worst of Class X clothes. This type of clothing is issued without accountability, which means that the soldier or organization is not charged with the items.

CLOSE INSPECTION

After routine repairs on the garments coming into the shop, each is placed on a tray beside the worker. The garments are picked up by a checker and carried to the inspection table again. Garments requiring buttons, outside patch pockets, reworked button holes, or other such work requiring special machines are then assigned out to the proper persons to do the work.

After the special operations, the garments once again return to the inspection table where they are

1st STR Unit Night Problem

Company Experiences Miniature Dunkirk

By LT. ARTHUR EVERSON

One of the events that an Officer Candidate is not likely to forget is the overnight maneuver which comes at the end of his course. It gives a student a chance to apply everything he has learned and is one of the high points in his career as an O. C. The 1st Student Training Regiment drew the assignment of Heavy Weapons Company for their share of the problem. We gathered when we were twenty weapons carriers pull up Friday afternoon. Little did we know that in the logistics and no to carry the weapons. For when they arrived at the bivouac area around midnight, we had to play "as many as 65 to 100" running over a minimum number of men... our heartaches had begun. The lucky ones got two

activities in March. Raincoats repaired during the month totaled 1,119 Class B and 149 Class C 1300 FLEET DATA

An average of 1,300 to 1,600 pieces of clothing and equipment are now being repaired daily. Lieutenant Crisley points out. The amount of work an individual worker in the shop can produce depends upon the type and condition of the garments, he says. In discussing this phase of the shop's operations, Mrs. Florence Pearce, supervisor of the daily, declared: "Knick trousers are an example for one extreme, for they can be repaired with great rapidity. One worker can, in one day, repair as many as 65 to 100 of them. On the other hand, field jackets are hard to repair, and 20 or 30 of them repaired in one day by a single worker is quite a satisfactory showing."

Mrs. Pearce, now in charge of all workers and all duties in the shop here, was in charge of the WPA section in Columbus which previously did the repair work. Personnel of the shop, well trained, efficient and enthusiastic about their work, do their jobs in spite of physical handicaps. All of them are women, and few but one leg, and three of the workers have an artificial eye apiece. Despite such handicaps, they fully earn their livelihood by their work, according to Mrs. Pearce, who states they are all highly skilled for their tasks.

As an evidence of the Army and Quartermaster Corps determination to be prepared for any eventualities, every one of the 74 machines are always ready for use and can be put into operation at a moment's notice, according to Lieutenant Crisley. This feat is an unusual one considering the number of machines, the magnitude of their use, and the intricacy of the machinery, but it is characteristic of the Reclamation section to be prepared—come what may.

hours sleep before chow was served. It was so dark that to this day no one knows what we actually ate.

AH, THE HEAT

The next morning at 0445, while our weapons carriers were resting up for the day's work, the stalwart men of 8th Company were tramping gayly down the road, a baseplate slung over one shoulder, a series of cement pads gets simulating ammunition over or other. The only casualty other than worn shoulders and stiff muscles (softened by many days in the sunwarmed bleachers) was Candidate Biel who was last seen disappearing into a hidden spiderhole of undetermined depth. The men stuck with it though, and performed nobly. After the seventh mile the cement blocks and weapons were still intact and although our legs said no, our heads said yes. The only unfavorable comment at this time was that of Candidate Dubin, who, a little worse for wear, was heard to say, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity!"

ATTACK GOES WELL

The attack went along well and we poured ammunition onto the enemy positions. There was still enough spunk left for some double time when we displaced, and everyone had reason to rejoice when the bugle sounded the end of the attack phase. It was then that many candidates got their

first taste of the army's famed ration accompanied by the critique and a fine speech by Colonel Pratt.

The final phase was the occupation of a defensive position. The first machine-gun platoon, who had been on outpost all night during the attack, had an opportunity to apply swamp crossing technique. Back on the main line of resistance, planes came over and harassed us, reminding us at that stage of Dunkirk and no rest for the weary. The machine position and the bugle was blown. Someone said that the war was over. It was for the time and the G. I. trucks felt comfortable in spite of the dust and bumps on the way home, because at the end of the trip there was a glass of beer and a hot shower.

With the marvelous fighting spirit displayed by the Official Candidates of 8th Company, 1st Student Training Regiment, we are sure that such prevailing spirit will soon put an end to this war.

MEMPHIS (CNS)—Troopers in a traveling USO show spent the night in jail here recently. The unit was forced to spend the night in the lock-up because of a mistake in hotel reservations. Police sent out a request for all patrol cars to report available accommodations. None were found, so the actors went to jail—and to bed.

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10th Armored Division
4th Price

Sundown! That magic hour when man lays down his tools and turns his eyes homeward with a feeling of pride that he has earned his rest.

Sundown! When American soldiers in every quarter of the globe, from the isolated islands of the Pacific to the vast desert wastelands of Africa; from the lands down under in Australia to the frozen tundras of the Arctic, look proudly to the Stars and Stripes as it is gently lowered, and gather courage for the coming day, delivered by the belief that through their protection of the flag on the battlefield their loved ones are protected at home.

Sundown! When an American soldier salutes his flag and parades with pride his fitness to protect it. **FRIDAY** is the word for RETREAT PARADE: pride in himself, his army, his country, and his flag. And why not? Let's not record a day that wherever he has stood Retreat Parade no one has dared challenge his possession of the ground over which his flag flew without fear or retribution. Though many have challenged, not one has been able to withstand the punishment delivered by the American soldier so swiftly, surely decisively. That is the meaning of RETREAT PARADE.

GLADDENS HEART

It is a sight to brighten the eye and gladden the heart. At West Point, Annapolis, Randolph Field and a hundred other garrisons it is shine and polish and stirring music. It is in these permanent bases that the raw recruit renews his acquaintance with American tradition. It is there that he begins to understand the price in hardships and privations his forebears paid to gain the strength, courage, patience and spirit to make us and keep us free.

At Valley Forge, under Washington, our forefathers stood his frozen ground. Beneath bluer skies he colored the snow with the blood of his bare feet. Decatur slashed his way through Tippecanoe and opened the seas forever to commerce.

Every connected the two ends of the world when he first planted the American flag on Japanese soil.

Mexico became a good neighbor when the cry of the Alamo brought our swift vengeance, and Spain lost all interest in world empire when we hurried to the rescue of Cuba and the Philippines.

In the malaria infested swamps of Central America, the soldiers cleared the jungles of bandits, found the answer to the deadly yellow fever, and opened the Panama Canal to the world's commerce. In our fight for universal freedom we buried our dead in Flanders Field and kept a faithful watch on the Rhine.

This and more, the American Soldier did to bring the world closer to understanding.

NEW CHAPTER

Today a new chapter is being written. Heroism is no longer a thing of the past. Chivalry has come to life again and many are the heroes who have put away their peaceful pursuits to don armor against the two-faced dragon, MacArthur! Colin Kelly! John Buley! Stillman! Patton! Chenault!

Many are the lands their feet have trod upon. Bataan! Wake Island! The Burma Road! Libya! Guadalcanal!

Many are the deeds that have carried them into battle. The Flying Fortress! The Wasp! The Hellcat! The General Grant!

Faith and courage are their birthright and for their bravery they deserve to be praised.

And when the battle is over there is Sundown. While the dead are buried and the wounded aided, the weary soldier looks out to the horizon and thinks of home. But his job is not yet finished. Not till the battle is won will he have earned his rest. Like his forefathers at Valley Forge he has learned the meaning of Liberty through fire.

As a lonely bugle flings a challenge into the air, while the Stars and Stripes are being lowered, the American Soldier remembers his creed. With his hand high, his courage strengthened in battle, his faith steadfast and unswerving, he pledges allegiance to the flag and to the Republic for which it stands. **ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL!**

17 MP's Rate Advance in Grade

One corporal, two privates first class and 14 privates of the Corps of Military Police, have been given promotions in rank, according to an announcement from post headquarters.

Corporal Bernard W. Lundberg has been promoted to sergeant, and Privates First Class Willie B. Allums and Carl P. Middleton have been raised to corporals. Privates Don Baird, Paul M. Caldwell, Marvin Galloway, Marvin B. Garrett, Herman G. Hill, Robert L. Little, David H. McClatchey, Worley L. Pitt, Charles V. Ryals, Edward C. Sykes, Perkins E. Williams, Thomas W. Winward, Durward M. Kinsler and Gray P. Preston have been promoted to privates first class.

College Girls Are Service Bn. Guests
Girls of the Fort Valley State college were guests at the recent dance given by the Service Battalion of the Third Student Training regiment at the new service barracks in the battalion area. The dance was the first of a series planned for this season.

Success of the affair is being measured by observers in the increase in the volume of mail leaving the battalion for the college.

"SHOOT THEIR OFFICERS THEY ARE LOST WITHOUT THEM"



THEIR NCO'S ARE POOR!

Words Can't Win Wars; They Can Lose Them

By SGT. CHARLES MORGAN
Medical Detachment

As a veteran of the World War, and a member of the armed forces in the present conflict, I wish to emphasize today one of the most vitally important aspects of the present war—the evil threat of the home-grown saboteur whose idle chatter is damaging to our morale and encouraging disunity on the home front.

We can't talk our way to victory in this war. It's going to be won by ships, planes, tanks, guns, and manpower. Words are not by words. Oratory, editorials, propaganda, even the Atlantic Charter itself all represent empty words unless they are backed by action. We don't need to be told this. We all know it.

No, words can't win this war for the United States and the United Nations. But I wonder when we are going to realize that words can lose the war. Lose it by weakening the bond between the democratic people of the earth. Lose it by fostering disunity and disruption, not only between nation and nation, but between persons and groups. Lose it by playing our enemy's game of suspecting one another, opposing one another, by clinging with blind obstinacy to outworn political theories. Talking can lose this war if it is the wrong kind of talking. And an awful lot of talking that's going on today is the wrong kind of talking.

WE SPIN OUR OWN

We must not be so childish as to believe that all the fantastic rumors which are disturbing civilian morale so dangerously today are inspired by the treacherous Japanese or the cunning Nazis. Many of these stories are being made out of the whole cloth by American citizens who think they are patriotic but who are actually quite unable to distinguish between their patriotic obligations and their personal political loyalties. Rationing restrictions are a good example of what I mean.

Sugar rationing, coffee rationing, fuel oil and gasoline rationing actually affect everyone alike—Republicans and Democrats, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Catholics and Jews, Christians and Scientists, blondes and brunettes and red-heads. Why can't we understand this and take it in our stride? Why can't we realize that war-time restrictions are no harder on us personally than on 130 million other Americans. Most of us do. But too many of us don't.

There is the woman who is frightfully annoyed because she can no longer buy nylon hose. She knows that all the other women in the country are wearing cotton or rayon stockings but she still thinks someone else ought to be allowed nylon or silk because it just happens that she doesn't like rayon. The men are a hard-brain and not realizing what this war is all about—but what about the man who, by hook or crook, wangles a C-card so that he can ride to his office in the comfortable seclusion of his own automobile while his neighbors are riding the street cars and buses? What about the man who legitimately is entitled to a B or C-card for business purposes because he really is in an essential war business, but who then wastes precious gasoline and rubber using his car for pleasure riding or to take his children to the picture show?

REAL DANGER

These examples of selfishness would be neither pertinent nor important if they did not point the way to a very great and a very real danger. Too often, such degree of public opinion, on the selfishness is excused by the culprits themselves, or by a certain group that the rationing restrictions are necessary anyway. They say, for example, that the government is rationing food-stuffs and other commodities only because it wants to show its authority or—which is worse—because the government is covering up its own mismanagement of the entire food and production problem.

Take, for instance, the rumors that are running wild around the country today to the effect that food rationing has become necessary because we have robbed our-

days and weeks arguing and disagreeing about the details of our war program?

The next time you hear a friend or a neighbor complain because he can't get all the gasoline he'd like for his car—or because his house isn't as warm as it used to be—or because his wife served hash instead of sardine steak for dinner last evening—ask him if he'd rather have a handful of rice a day which the Japanese civilians are allowed—or whether he'd prefer the Nazi Swastika to the Stars and Stripes. That's really what it all comes down to, you know. This war isn't being fought to keep a Democrat in the White House at Washington, or to put a Republican there. It's being fought for our lives—literally for our lives.

Let's get that idea through our heads. And let's try to get it through the heads of the John Does and Richard Roes who think the war will wait until they iron out their personal differences of opinion. It won't. There is nothing for Hitler to hope for so much as time. The longer we take to win this war, the more time we give him to defeat us. It's as simple as that.

Some there were who thought that we had little or no culture. They smiled at the word "culture" and belighted themselves dreamily of faded and cracked paintings and statuary lying under the dust of centuries reverently undisturbed. They murmured, "Culture" and heard the deathless music of Bach, Strauss, Wagner, Leoncavallo. They read Burns, Goethe, Shakespeare, Hugo. They drank of the wines of Spain and France and of their hoary traditions. Culture! The Parthenon, the Coliseum, the Arc de Triomphe, the Pyramids.

Would you like to know what culture is? Ask Johnny Dogface as he strolls through the heat and fumes of Algiers. Ask him if he would like to stop into a cool and modern theater in some mid-western town.

Asks parka-clad Private Jones as he wanders forlornly along Reykjavik's Austerstraeti. Would he like to enter a restaurant of gleaming chrome and bright-colored plastics, snowy linen, clean glassware, polished silver, multi-stemmed menus. Go on, ask him. "BREATHES THERE THE FOOL!"

Ask the soldier in inaccessible Alaska if he ever thinks of thousands of miles of super-highways, the wonderlands of Florida, Southern California, Yellowstone National Park.

Ask the men who are now calling a spot in India "home". Mention the Empire State building,

Johnny Dogface Finds America All Over Again

CANDIDATE H. R. HOLTZ,
15th Company, 3d S. T. R.
4th Price, Essays

America is being discovered. Again and again, America is being discovered by the thousands and millions of young American warriors strolling silently through the jungles of New Guinea and across the deserts of Australia and North Africa; by befurred Main Street boys picking a treacherous path across the sliding ice-masses of Greenland, laboring across the mountains and lava fields of Iceland, shivering damply in the barren Aleutians.

Some there were who thought that we had little or no culture. They smiled at the word "culture" and belighted themselves dreamily of faded and cracked paintings and statuary lying under the dust of centuries reverently undisturbed. They murmured, "Culture" and heard the deathless music of Bach, Strauss, Wagner, Leoncavallo. They read Burns, Goethe, Shakespeare, Hugo. They drank of the wines of Spain

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Ask the soldier in inaccessible Alaska if he ever thinks of thousands of miles of super-highways, the wonderlands of Florida, Southern California, Yellowstone National Park.

Ask the men who are now calling a spot in India "home". Mention the Empire State building,

the Golden Gate Bridge, the Mount Palomar Observatory. For they all know these things. Not just the millionaire businessman and the politician, but every little man on the street and on the farm. They've all seen and known the miracle of America's abundance; America's lofty standards; America's stone and glass civilization, America's chromium and plastic culture.

They've all seen shelves piled mountainously with canned goods, staples and "fancy" foods; overflowing, even in these lean days, with fresh fruits and vegetables; Olives, mushrooms, peppers to spice their foods. Automobiles, radios, washing machines, refrigerators to spice their lives. They've seen the factories humming, the gleaming machines turning, spinning, punching, stamping out the tools for peace and the tools for war. The same tools, and the same machines that made us great in peace to make us great in war.

He knows, Johnny does, about the feel of fine fabrics on his body, the polished woods and rich tapestries in his home, the swift luxury cars, his garage, the radio station, the city hall and the bank in

Nine DEML Men Get More Stripes

Nine enlisted men of Headquarters Detachment, D. E. M. L., Fourth Service command, Fort Benning have been promoted upon the recommendation of the detachment commander, according to an announcement at post headquarters.

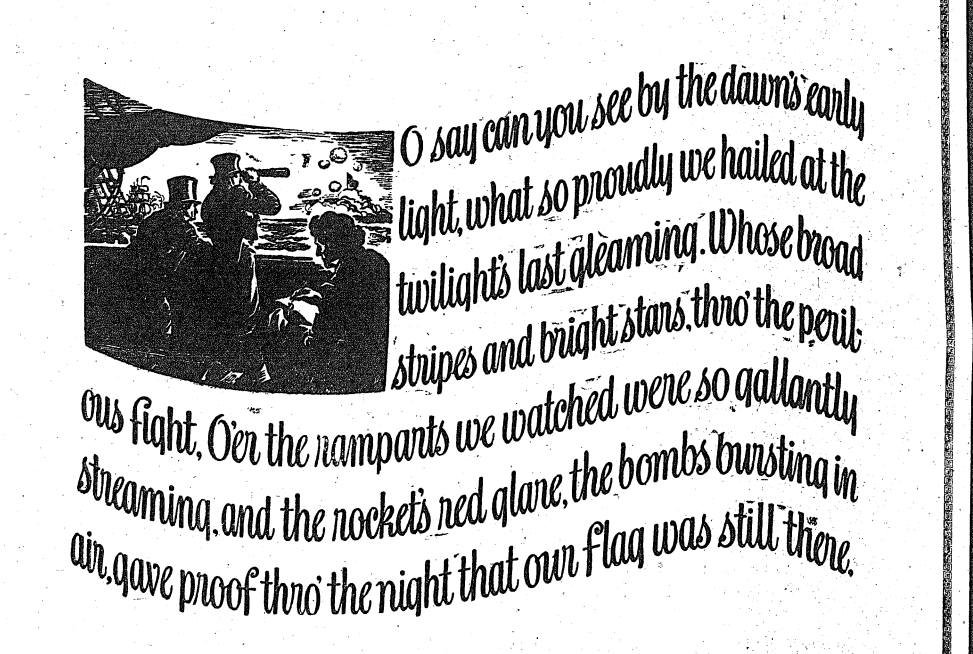
Technician Fourth Grade Owen J. Remington has been raised to the rank of technician third grade, and Private First Class Maurice P. Buddler has been promoted to technician fifth grade. Privates Oscar Boyd, Jr., W. D. Hill, Donald L. Dodge, Paul M. Mingle, Charles S. Penn, Hubert L. Scarbrough and Herman E. Stewart have been raised to privates first class.

His own small town, just one small town among thousands.

Perhaps it's not so much that America has these things as it is that he, Johnny Dogface, just an ordinary guy, has them!

Now ask America's Man-in-Unifrom who has these things as discovered. Ten to one he will say, "December 7th, 1942!"

"And the Star Spangled Banner IN TRIUMPH SHALL WAVE Over the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave"



Read those words again and again. You've sung them a thousand times—perhaps too automatically, unthinkingly. You learned them first when you were a small child, raising a thin voice in school. You learned them by heart. But is their meaning alive in your heart today? The land of the free and the home of the brave. That is how the young patriot, Francis Scott Key described these United States. And one hundred and twenty-eight years later we fight again to keep it free. Today it is still the home of brave young millions of men who have reached around the world in the globe-circling war which can only end in making every man's land a free land!

HASTEN THE DAY OF VICTORY

BUY BUYING MORE

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Gem-Studded Platinum Brick Causes Army Plenty of Grief

Self-Pity Is One Of Major Afflictions Among Fighting Forces

BY PVT. THOMAS DEVINE

No one feels sorry for the man who feels sorry for himself and self pity is one of the major afflictions with which our long suffering army has to put up. Every outfit has its gold-brick but occasionally one encounters a rare example of a platinum specimen studded with gems.

A classic example is treasured by a company farther from here than you could cast a stone but by no means a day's journey. He would not have been a bad looking lad save that his face wore a permanent expression of pouting sulks and long suffering. This countenance was not further improved by a complement of pimples, diagnosed by his barracks mates as the consequence of a diet in which candy bars, cakes and ice cream left little room for anything else.

MA MILES CHOCOLATE
The rate at which this ill-favored creature could put away sweets gave rise to a legend in the barracks that his veins contained not blood but sugar syrup and that his mother was a dairy maid in a candy factory where her duty was to milk chocolate.

However, it would never occur to this lad to offer any of the sweets which he hoarded in his foot locker to his companions in the barracks and, even in emergencies such as inventory at the PX he wouldn't even part with a bar of chocolate for cash on the nail. In short: a wart.

At most our subject would pass up everything but the dessert, cream as much as he could get of that into his face then tear for the barracks where he'd crouch like an animal on his foot locker munching glumly away on candy bars. Presently he developed a couple of boils on his neck and, characteristically, complained that the doctor was neglecting him.

THE ETERNAL SWEETS
Every duty assigned to him he grumbled about and never learned that his groanings got him less than nothing. On one occasion he complained to the first sergeant because he'd been put on KP after having had it the previous week. The result was he had several extra days of this unbecoming duty as dividend. When on latrine duty he'd set himself a relatively easy part of it and nearly roared the nickel plate off the faucet leaving to his partners such tasks as mopping the floors and carrying out the duckboards. On cold mornings at the rifle range our hero would never aid in collect-

ing fuel for the fire but, when it was burning, would select a choiced spot beside it where he'd squat champing on his eternal candy bars.

Another repulsive facet of this man's character was his fancy for himself as a Casanova with the women. His manner of relating his successes, instead of arousing the envy or amusement of his barracks mates, made them despise him. No one liked him but he was treated like poison ivy by the men.

PERSECUTION COMPLEX
There are plenty of privileges which are not a soldier's right but which can be extended by non-coms and officers at their pleasure. To enjoy these makes a man's lot considerably easier and the people in authority are not usually grudging of them. This fellow however, received a minimum of such favors. He thought he was being persecuted. He was in a sort of negative rather than a positive way but it never occurred to him that his own attitude was to blame. After all, if you have it in your power to give or withhold a privilege you don't bestow it on someone whose very existence is revolting to you.

At the completion of basic training this chronic mess was assigned to an office in headquarters. In a day or so the office discovered that it was overmanned and our object lesson was unloaded to another section. Latest reports had this department coddling its collective brains to devise some means of passing him on to somebody else.

It is not improper to wash the American flag. It is no disrespect to dry-clean an American flag. It is also proper to mend the flag when torn, unless it is in such bad condition that it would be a discredit to the owner if displayed.

From an Army Theatrical Performance Report on a USO-CAMP Shows unit, with guest star—Seating capacity—4,000. Attendance—15,000. Hospital attendance—5,000.

Tigers Set Up Three Boards To Test Men

Committees To Decide Right Of Elements To Wear Insignia

Three division boards have been set up by Major General Paul Newgarden, commanding general, 10th Armored Division, to test individuals, platoons, and companies seeking the right to wear the Tiger emblem.

The test for individual soldiers includes scouting and protective measures, use of booby traps, disarming an armed man, qualification in small arms, use of compass, swimming, vehicle driving, and cross country run.

Platoons eligible to take the Tiger Test as a unit are the reconnaissance platoons of battalion headquarters. Ninety per cent of the men in these platoons must qualify as individual Tigers before the platoon can win a Tiger Giuton.

Companies A, B, C, of the 90th Recon. Bn. and the reconnaissance companies of the 3rd and 11th armored regiments, and of the 775th tank destroyers may enter the competition. The unit of company D of the 90th Recon will be tested on a date to be announced April 11th to April 18th has been designated as the period for company tests.

Individual soldiers will be entitled to wear the Tiger Sleeve Emblem as long as they remain in the 10th Armored Division.

Capt. Cofer Named Quartermaster War Bond Officer

Capt. Louis C. Cofer, veteran quartermaster officer at Fort Benning, has been appointed war bond officer for all personnel of the post quartermaster at the fort, according to an announcement made by Col. Stephen B. Massey, director of supply.

The appointment of Captain Cofer relieves 1st Lieut. James W. Connor who has served in that capacity for the past six months. Lieutenant Connor was recently named an executive assistant to Colonel Massey.

Besides his new duties as war bond officer for the post, Capt. Cofer also serves as fiscal officer on the staff of the director of supply.

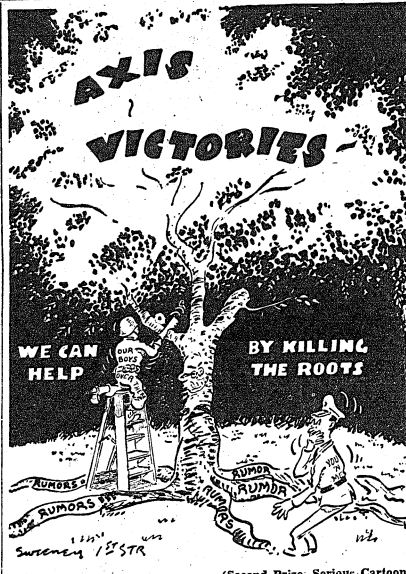
Sand Hill WAAC Wants To Run Obstacle Course

Several weeks ago "Tiger's Tale" ran a picture of the WAACs who have been assigned to help Mrs. Baker in the Service Club at Sand Hill and generally make themselves useful in the library and theatre. This week the picture decided to check on their progress.

They really have become soldiers. Of the fourteen assigned here, six were taking "shots," one was in the hospital, and two were on pass.

Finally two of them were corralled, and the editors managed to get a short progress report from Auxiliary Alice Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa., who works behind the soda fountain, has become a real Tiger. When she saw the camera which always accompanies them, she growled, but they got the picture. Her greatest desire, besides transfer to Camp Hood, Tex., is to run the obstacle course, and ride in a tank. In civilian life she was a hairdresser. She feels that this is a "non-essential" job and consequently, enlisted ten weeks ago to do her part.

Auxiliary Pauline Hodulik, from Pittsboro, N. J., who is the Service Club Receptionist, was a social worker and truck-driver. She has been in service since



(Second Prize, Serious Cartoons)

Soldier Does Rightabout-face On Merits of Dictatorships

Alongi Describes Daily Life In Fascist Italy

The American form of government with its system of checks and balances is quite superior to the dictator plan followed in Italy, according to Pvt. Alphonso Alongi of Company E, 11th Armored Regiment.

"Once Italy was my home. When I left there I was believed that Fascism was good for that European country. But after I came to America in 1936 and saw how a democracy lives and works I changed my mind," declared the soldier at a recent discussion involving the Italian political picture.

"I was born in Trapani, Sicily in 1920," Alongi continued. "After entering school my family was compelled to enroll me in a junior Fascist organization. The dues were \$5 per year. In return each young member received a special uniform which was worn only in Fascist activities. Girls had to belong to a similar body, but their doings weren't quite as frequent as ours were."

MUCH BREAD-EATING
"On holidays and other special occasions we took part in parades. After a parade was over, everybody, men and women, boys and girls, would assemble at a public place in town to hear speeches. I don't remember what they were all about, but dinner was always some fun and excitement."

"Two or three times a year, bigger and better festivals were held in far-off Palermo. On those occasions we got up early and stood at a meeting place. Here a number of trucks would pick us up, and away we went for three or four hour ride. After reaching the big city we would dismount and march for a couple of hours in a great parade. At noon we had a little time off to visit and eat. In the afternoon we usually attended games of soccer."

Mussolini's picture appeared in many buildings and public places in Sicily, but Alongi never knew what the blatant dictator actually was like until the Italian speech-binder was seen and heard on the screen of an American theater. There were no moving picture houses in Trapani.

Alongi's father came to the United States in 1913. At the outbreak of World War I he was recalled by his native government and served four years in the Italian army. He, too, had found America so much better to live in that he returned immediately after the close of the war. Working as a laborer, he saved his money until he had enough to bring his family over.

WORKS FOR NOTHING
"Although my father was only a laborer in America we lived well in Sicily on the money he sent us," the soldier pointed out. "We even could afford a hired man. While in Italy I left school at fourteen to learn the blacksmith trade. I worked hard for two long years without pay. During all this time if I failed to show up on the job for just one day I got bawled out like nobody's business."

Concluding his remarks, Alongi said: "It was different after my father brought me to America. Here I could work where I wished, and whenever I wanted to make some money. My income as a blacksmith trade, I worked hard for two long years without pay. During all this time if I failed to show up on the job for just one day I got bawled out like nobody's business."

The War Department estimates the cost for 12 months of full-time training for a soldier in the U. S. Army is between \$1,500 and \$2,000—the difference in cost is largely the difference between training a foot soldier and a mechanized soldier, the latter being costlier.

It all adds up to just this—USO-Camp Shows bring the best in show business right to YOUR camp.

January, having taken her basic at Daytona Beach, in sunny Florida. She likes army life, and the Tenth Armored Division particularly. Actually, she is impatient for the projected Sand Hill barracks for the WAACs. The girls are now trucked over from the Main Post.

Tiger Library Favorite Spot

Shelves Loaded Books Catering To All Tastes

One of the most attractive and comfortable spots in the 10th Armored Division area is the library where officers and enlisted men of the division can sit down in easy chairs to read and relax, or to read and study, for many are missing no chance to continue their education while they are in the army.

The library, which is Post No. 2 library of Fort Benning, is equipped with 5,000 volumes, all of which are catalogued and classified. All are easily accessible to the reader who has only to consult the card index and proceed to the section in which the book he seeks is located.

According to Miss Mary Clark, librarian, the interest of 10th Armored Tigers is about evenly distributed between fiction and non-fiction. Current favorites in the non-fiction group include "Guadalcanal Diary," Joseph C. Grew's "Report from Tokyo" and Steinbeck's "Bombs Away."

For men who are especially interested in mechanics and technical subjects, the library is adding new books on radio, motor maintenance, chemistry and physics to augment its present fine collection of textbooks.

Every Monday night the library sponsors a forum at which discussions on current events and other topics are conducted. The forums are open to all men of the division and, Miss Clark adds, "So is the library."

Phi Delta Theta To Meet April 17

A gathering of the Fort Benning Chapter of the Phi Delta Theta is scheduled for April 17 at 8:30 p. m. at "Sam and Hattie's," behind Benning Park on the back road between the Post and Columbus. The first meeting of the chapter was held at the Polo Hunt club last month on Founder's Day, the 85th anniversary of the fraternity's inception.

Captain John T. Eichnor led the post-banquet sessions whose theme was "The War Challenges the Fraternity" and the singing of favorite songs closed the group meeting.

Information about the chapter may be had from Lieutenant MacKenzie of the Second Student Training regiment who may be called at Harmony church 382 or Columbus 2-1615.

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GRASS SEED
Pedigreed 5 Lbs. 89c
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Black Draught
Reg. 25c Size 19c

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Reg. 60c Size 49c

LYSOL
Reg. 1.00 Disinfectant 89c

CITRATE of MAGNESIA
Reg. 25c Bottle 13c

BARBASOL
60c Jar or Tube 26c

Bile Salt Tablets
Lee's Price 46c

50c Pint WITCH HAZEL Lee's Price 19c
35c Pint King's Milk of Magnesia Lee's Price 13c

LISTERINE Antiseptic 75c Bottle 59c
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The Looie Gets From Under A Big Mess With a Dry Run

Officer Uses Head To Save Men From Fear-Crazed Soldier

BY PVT. C. C. MOSER
2nd Prize, Features

Even though the southern sun shone brightly, the air between barracks was cold. As the company did its column right off the road into the space between barracks, the faces were drawn and the ears red. Arms were held stiffly by hunched soldiers instead of swinging freely—6 inches to the front, 3 inches to the rear.

"Company—HALT!"
"Right—FACE!"
"At EASE!"
"The twelve men with pistols FALL OUT! Line up over here!"
The rest fell out and form in columns behind these twelve men. FALL OUT!
"Come on! Cover OFF! Dress RIGHT! That's the hell's the matter back there! Stop that talking! Snap! Snap! Drop your arms as soon as you're dressed up!"
"Front to rear, Count OFF!"
"All right, there are 12 orders. Order No. 1, fall over against barracks No. 3 with pistols. Order No. 2, take positions to the left of one of these men to coach. The rest of you remember your order numbers. Fall out and watch this carefully. There will be no smoking and no talking!"

It was the same old routine which we had gone through many times before. We went through all the commands with which we would be faced when we got on the range. And we squeezed our triggers on targets tacked to the wall of barracks No. 2.

Those coaching and dry running were in the shadow of barracks No. 3 where the cold winter wind had free and uncontested access to bare hands, faces. The rest of us stood in the sunshine, which was some help. But we faced the wind and the bright low sun with unprotected eyes. We were allowed to sit, but the brown sand from the iron stacks of the barracks furnace rooms, so that if a hand were dusted over it, the hand came up a very dark and greasy gray. So most of us stood—many did their own laundry.

dry. And we got extra duty if our clothes were dirty, even fatigues. Dry running meant practically nothing to most of our crew. Many more than half had never handled a weapon of any kind. Also, since there was no noise, no sense of accomplishment by being able to compare scores. We just shivered and got our teeth chattered off by equally disinterested sergeants for lack of attention. It was only two o'clock when we started and this was scheduled to go on till 5 when we shaved and dressed for retreat. Each order took about ten minutes, making a total of two hours and 24 minutes for all to get through. A ten minute break each hour permitted us to smoke and rush for the Day Room to thaw out a bit.

Since we had been through this routine so often before we were able to cut the time for each order down to about five minutes on this day. But that didn't do anything except allow us to go through the orders twice. Still the process was learned. It had become familiar routine. Nobody gunned it any more. Never was a gun on the line held in any other position than at "raise pistol" pointing down range. Nobody realized it; or, if they did, nobody cared that we had learned our lesson thoroughly—more through hate of the monotonous stupidity of the thing and the accompanying personal discomfort and boredom than any actual desire to master an essential element of our new and dangerous way of life.

HE WAS A BUFFER
At this stage in our basic training there were certain of us selected, more or less promiscuously, as acting corporals. One to each squad. His function was merely a means to bring authority a little closer to us and, since he was one of us, he acted as a buffer between the harsh military attitudes of our sergeants. In delegation of barracks details, etc. he was useful to authority and fair to the men or he'd have been murdered.

Jim was one of these acting "buffers." He progressed rather quickly than most at this "dry run" pistol practice. Nobody resented it, either, that he was acting on the day above described as assistant on the line to the sergeant who was instructing us.

Jim came along well all during his training. He was well liked but always a bit aloof—not superior or snooty—just reserved, quiet, serious. But he progressed rather quickly than the rest of us to T5 and was the first to get T4. This came only a week after he had been finally assigned to scout cars as a driver. His work was never noisy, outstanding, nor spectacular. It was serious, methodical, and properly rewarded for its conscientious thoroughness.

JIM OKAY
I probably knew Jim as well as anyone and yet very well pleased and settled down, to find myself assigned to his car as crew for one of the many tanks. Our car, which was Jim's responsibility as driver, was always in tip top shape, and we never got gipped for his failure to perform any of the many tasks necessary to protective maintenance or inspection before during and after a problem. It is one of the rules on our trips, when we are running in convoy, that the driver inspect his car at every halt. Jim never once failed to do this, even that cold and sleety night when we were on a black-out problem. We were running on muddy, rutted clay roads in driving rain and sleet. Of course, you can't have the top up on a scout car when you are in action, so all seven of us were wet in spite of slickers and plenty cold with nothing to do but hang on. Even under these conditions, Jim got out and crawled under the car to see whether that stump we had jounced over had done anything to the steering apparatus or the oil reservoir. He wasn't any wetter than the rest of us, but he was a hell of a lot drier. And most of the other drivers were miserable to boot.

I guess the Lieutenant, who was our car commander, must have said something about it when the problem was over and the general's presence next day. Anyway, the General mentioned Jim's name as the only exception when bawling out the other drivers for not inspecting properly. We had had to abandon two cars and a tank in the mud till daylight. It was only the crew that didn't get gipped—down extra duty, thank to Jim.

ALL TRY FOR CADRE
Nobody could understand why Jim didn't want to go to O. C. section. The opportunity was presented. But then he started bucking for cadre—this is the nucleus of a new unit broken off like the dividing of an amoeba from a division which has nearly completed training. Everyone tries for cadre because it usually means promotion and may delay the fateful day when one is sent overseas. In most cases, the former is the real actuating reason. Usually the good men are sent on cadre but they have to have the quality of teachers as well. Also, some of the best are kept so as to retain

the morale and confidence of the parent organization.
Jim was refused on the latter grounds. Most guys would have been pretty gratified to have the company commander tell them they were too good to let go. But Jim was really upset. It was the first time his reserve had ever been broken. He actually began kicking about things just like a soldier. It was then I began to suspect, reluctantly, that Jim didn't want to go to the front.

When this very unwelcome thought entered my mind, I began to realize why he hadn't wanted to go to O. C. S. Nobody wanted to go to the front if luck would keep him away, but every one takes his sentence with good grace and after the passing of the shock of the first real awareness that he has actually been in training to fight, he usually makes a pretty fair showing of being pleased that he is deemed worthy to defend his country. As his knowledge and ability increase his cheerfulness increases until, by the time he ships, he is possessed of a completely undisturbed confidence in himself, his teammates, and his equipment.

RECORD GOOD
Jim's record had been so good and his automatic functions were so conditioned that he didn't let down in spite of his mental distress. In fact, there weren't more than two of us that even realized the wasn't as he always had been. This was one time when his native reticence stood him in good stead. It resulted in his being made a scout car commander before we shipped. This lifted him to a technical sergeant.

We remained in the state all through our months of maneuvers. And we found ourselves slogging along the north coast of Africa in the same relative condition. We got our initiation into battle by fairly easy stages. We had a few brushes with the enemy and got to feeling we were completely naked without gas masks, tin hats and side arms. As tank commander, Jim had a pretty good idea of what the war was going to be for us. Just a couple more dents every other day or so on the rear of the bus, a few rounds of ammunition.

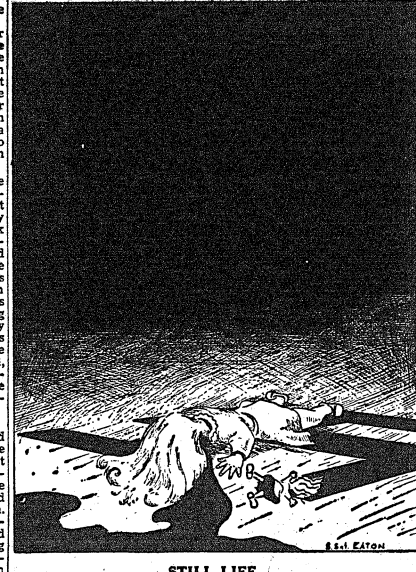
But then one day we thought we were in our customary state with a patrol when all of a sudden we found ourselves in the middle of the damnest scramble I had ever seen. Thanks to some damn good driving on the part of Jim, we were in some really effective marksmanship on the 50 ca. bow gun and thanks also to the skill of some of our other drivers, we were able to get out of the tank and, glad leaving the enemy armored force in what seemed to be a very good position to be shot at by our own tanks and mobile field guns.

LIKE AUTOMATON
I had seen one of our own gunner get creased, but in view of the hornet's nest we had stirred up, I thought Jim's reaction, like mine, would be one of sheer panic. Sandy tempered with a very considerable pride in the efficient handling of our small fighting unit, Jim was not about to have behaved like an automaton. Only four of our six cars were in by noon and we were cornered from the rear and were just settled when along came the Lieutenant with another radio man. They were moving fast. We were moving fast. We were moving fast. We were moving fast.

By now time was ship-shape and ready for a rest. We had our shelter halves rigged into a protection from the rain and were just settled when along came the Lieutenant with another radio man. They were moving fast. We were moving fast. We were moving fast. We were moving fast.

WASN'T FOOLING
I don't know how long we stood still but it seemed a dog's age. I thought I could never get another breath. The guy wasn't fooling. I began thinking of how to get out of this. I saw the rain dripping from the finger tensed around the trigger. I haven't been to O. C. S. or O. T. I like our Lieutenant, but if his actions were due to his training and not entirely due to the man, then say so. We have this war won. He had been looking over his shoulder straight into the front end of that pistol barrel which looked as big as a 16 inch naval rifle. Now he turned his back on Jim and, in his parade ground voice, called in rapid staccato the old routine.

"45 CALIBER AUTOMATIC PISTOL!"
"DRY RUN!"
"RAISE PISTOL!"
"CLEAR YOUR PIECE!"
Jim's reactions were a trifle slow but he got into it pretty quick and just at this point the Lieutenant turned on him and shouted, "SNAP INTO IT, SERGEANT!"
Then to me: "I was here!"
"GET UP THERE AND COACH HIM, CORPORAL!"
I stepped over and took Jim's



STILL LIFE
(Fifth Prize, Serious Cartoons)

Bus—
(Continued from Page 4)
from the bus, he subconsciously kept his stomach drawn in for thirty minutes before he realized that there was now plenty of leeway for him and his paunch too.

Riding the buses is good exercise too, that is, for the fellow lucky enough to be caught either in the front or rear exit. For everytime the bus stops to discharge a passenger, down he must hop to let the fellow out.

Getting from the front of the bus to one of the rear seats reminds one of passing through the famous "Fat man's Misery" squeeze in the Endless Caverns of Virginia. Especially if the boarding passenger is really fat. On one of the city buses, a big fat colored woman with red bandanna kerchief on head and checkered apron is a regular rider. When she boards the bus, she has to slide in because the door is a little too narrow to permit her to get in. When she gets in, she occupies the aisle side of the seats as in dire peril of being swept off their seats. However, a little cooperation on the part of one's seat partner saves the situation by gently flowing by process of osmosis in the other direction. One day, Aunt Jamina (a little faded in coloring) boarded the bus with a bundle of washing. She slid in as usual but the wash and she were caught in the door, and it took three strong men and true to get her through.

Yep, gas rationing has produced real democracy and has brought about closer contact between all levels of society. And we do mean close.

FANTASY
I know what makes men drink;
I know what makes men swear;
The fear of thoughts that sane men think,
And deeds that make men care.

I know what makes men fight;
I know what makes them die;
The memory of love's sweet light,
A hungry baby's cry.

Ah, once I held apart,
And counted up the cost—
But memories have stung my heart
And I am drunk, and lost.

By James E. Andrews,
Cpl. Hd. Co., Reception Center.

gun away from him while he stood holding the full magazine in his hand, staring stupidly at it.
The Lieutenant bent down to retrieve from the mud the live round lying there which Jim had ejected when clearing his weapon. He weighed in to the dozen. When he straightened up he merely looked at his wrist watch, and said in a normal tone of voice, "Snap up that bullet and place it in your pocket. It's a good one, right behind me."

We snapped—and were first on the line as usual. The thing was forgotten. It never happened. Just Dry Run.

Woman's Club

BY KATHERINE HAMMARGREEN

A meeting of interest to all army women is to be held Monday, April 19, when Mrs. Frank Gaines, Muscogee county home demonstrator, will show army women how to can fruits and vegetables. The demonstration, in charge of the practical home-making group of the Fort Benning Women's club, will be given at 2:30 p. m. in the auditorium of the Children's School. Mrs. C. P. Chapman, chairman of the group, has declared the meeting open to everyone because of the timeliness of the lecture.

Mrs. Gaines, a graduate of the University of Georgia, will bring fruits, vegetables, and cans, and will conduct a complete demonstration of the process of canning. Her suggestions should be invaluable to numerous women who would like to augment rationed foods with home-canned products.

St. Louis, Mo.—(CNS)—Mrs. Vee Ice obtained divorce from Everett Ice. She charged him with being "cold and indifferent."

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Diamond and Wedding Rings... Birthstone Rings... Friendship Rings... Bracelet and Necklace Sets... Identification Bracelets... Rhinestone Lapel Pins... Earrings... Watches and Watch Bands... Silverware... Billfolds... Glassware... Pearls...

Courageous Heroes Gave America Her Grandeur

PFC. HEROLD E. SHOWALTER

have made America great by the courageous heroes to whom we owe so much. From the building up of the small colony of Jamestown, Virginia, to the immortal skyscrapers lining the horizon with all their majestic beauty and splendor, is all owed to the great valiant men who have helped keep America great.

Washington, Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Sherman, all of whom we will never forget for their great effect into the history of our country.
To be a real American, we must love America, above any other country in the world and be willing to vote whenever the opportunity provides. We must honor the American flag with all its cities and splendor as the symbol of our country and protect it from harm or discredit.
To be a real American, one must live in the spirit of America, for the honor of America, and for the help of America.
This is a real American.



Of course you want to dress up this Easter and look your very best. But looking your best need not mean wearing brand new clothes. If your wardrobe is well filled, you won't need a new Easter outfit. And it's patriotic not to buy unless you need to buy. So for the sake of those who may need clothes more than you... and so that you may be sure of being able to buy new clothes next year and the next and next... look your situation over carefully before you leap in to buy this Easter!

P. S.—With the money you save—buy War Bonds and Stamps.

Kiralfya

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V. V. VICK
FINE DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY

V. V. VICK
FINE DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY

1st STR Has Community Sing

USO Broadcast Proves Popular

A "Community Sing" first of its kind to be presented over the air from a Columbus U.S.O., was broadcast by talent selected from the First Student Training Regiment, April 11.

Songs of World War I, such as "Tipperary," "Smiles," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," opened the program of musical mirth with enthusiastic singing accompanied by a nimble-fingered duo at the piano, Corporal McCormick and Private Irving Siegel. Through their efforts every voice was woven in harmony. A novelty trio, consisting of Sgt. Frank Molinari, a comedian, Cpl. Salvatore Paterno and Frank Zucco with guitars, played their favorite "Lady of Spain," ending with First Student Training Regiment specialty arrangement, "Liebestraum."

Before the flood lights burst forth into bloom "The Crusade of Life" at the piano, Pfc. Gordon "88" Anderson of Service Battalion with his version of "St. Louis Blues," not as it was, he burned the home stretch with a melody of his own composition. "88" Anderson, as he is known to his friends, was a member of the USO for Tommy Dorsey, he is all of "Hept and Jive," and has become famous with his hot licks. Service Battalion Negro spirituals, Pfc. John T. Davis, with a bass voice. His selection, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," was sung with feeling.

On the serene side of life, at the end of a soldier's day, comes the time when the head is bent in prayer. Chaplain Frederick W. Helfer reflected those moments with his "meditation." Chaplain Helfer stressed companionship in our daily tasks, fighting for the freedom which is our heritage, voices lifted in song to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," concluded the session of prayer.

Through the fine cooperation of Lieut. Dick Daly and Lieut. James B. Sweeney the arrangement of the program was a success.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Not for beauty's sake, but rather to lessen discomfort in cold climates, the Jersey City Quartermaster Department announced that the army is supplying soldiers in Arctic posts with beard clippers "to prevent the formation of ice on whiskers."

CARIBOU, Me. (CNS)—The draft board here reclassified John W. Keene I-A. Then they discovered he was blind and 80 years old.



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IN FIVE WARS—and still going strong—Cpl. John L. Whitton (left), of Columbus, at age 65 is serving in his fifth war. His wife (right), Mrs. Ruby L. Whitton, is working as parachute maintenance worker at the Fort Benning sub-depot. Whitton served in the Spanish-American war, the Philippine expedition, Boxer rebellion and World War I, but he signed up again to take part in this war, and is stationed at Camp Stoneman, Calif. He is in Columbus on furlough to visit his wife. Two sons are in service overseas, a daughter is a lieutenant in the army nurse corps, and two other daughters are married in men in service.

Veteran of 4 Campaigns Anxious to Go Again at 65

Wife Does Her Part, Too, In 'Chute Shop At Benning

Sixty-five years of age and as a veteran of four major campaigns did not deter Cpl. John L. Whitton, a former resident of Columbus, from volunteering for the army again. And, what's more, the corporal's wife wants to do her part, too, so Mrs. Ruby L. Whitton, is now a parachute maintenance repairman at Fort Benning's Lawson field, sub-depot.

"From the point of combat, I'm the oldest man in the service," observed Corporal Whitton as he watched his wife at work at Fort Benning where he visited briefly on furlough from his regular station at Camp Stoneman, Calif.

He fought in the Spanish-American War in 1898, the Philippine expedition from 1899 to 1901, the Boxer Rebellion, the World War I. And now, he's back for more! "Whenever Uncle Sam is in a fight, I just can't keep John home," Mrs. Whitton remarked as she went on intently repairing a parachute at Benning. With many other war-time workers for the army, Mrs. Whitton daily reports for work at Fort Benning where she lends her talents to further the war effort.

JOHN WANTS OVERSEAS

Corporal Whitton is anxious to see action abroad, pointing out, "I want to get overseas again with the boys."

Born in 1878, Corporal Whitton squeezed under the age limit for the Spanish-American war by exaggerating his life a year. At that time, all soldiers had to be at least 21 years old.

Corporal Whitton is believed to be the only former senior sergeant, which was the forerunner of the army's present rank of master sergeant, back in active service again.

During his several tours of army duty Whitton has served at army posts and stations throughout the nation, including a year he spent at Fort Benning in 1918 as deputy director of operations and as post truckmaster. At that time, he ranked as a master sergeant.

OLD MAN OF ARMY

Corporal Whitton, who considers himself the "old-man-of-the-army," has served tours of duty with several branches of service, including the cavalry, infantry, armored force, motor transport, ordnance and engineer. During the Spanish-American war, Whitton served under order by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who later became president of the United States. Then, during World War I, Whitton served under Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was at that time a lieutenant colonel in the tank corps.

Corporal Whitton's whole family is either in the army or attached to the army. While his wife is busy keeping parachutes in repair at Benning, two sons are serving overseas. A daughter, who is a lieutenant in the army nurse corps, is stationed at Camp Cook, Calif., while two other



Tigers Enjoy A Good Show

11th Armored Band In 'Fun and Music'

A fast moving show packed with laughs, clever skits and good music was presented April 8 before a large audience at "Tiger's Lair" by the 11th Armored Regiment band under the supervision of the regimental special service officer.

The show, which was called "Fun and Music," opened with the band's original arrangement of "Limousine Blues." This was followed by a skit, presented by Pvt. Rioux and Cpl. Hurdicks. Pvt. Rioux also gave his interpretation of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Highlights of the show was a sketch entitled "Der Fuehrer's Face," presented by D Company of the 11th Armored. Based on the popular song of the same title, the skit was a satire of the Nazi leaders. Hitler was played by Pvt. Blechner, while Goering was portrayed by Pvt. Bornstein. Cpl. Alberts was the American aviator who was captured by the Nazis.

Russ Nordstrom, trumpeter in the band, doubled in brass to give an excellent vocal interpretation of "Daybreak." Another double-threat performer, bass player Lloyd Sowers, also offered a vocal number.

The band then played the new as an assistant football coach also and served in Russia and in Hawaii before coming to Fort Benning.

Major Greene was one of the outstanding football players of his class when he graduated from West Point in 1922, and is now serving up there as an instructor.

Major Batchelor, a star football player for the University of Georgia, also was coach of boxing, track and football at Georgia Military College and found time to be assistant professor of Military Science and Tactics.

Unit Speeds Up Mail Delivery

The 24th Company of the 1st Student Training Regiment has completed the first three months of a proposed six-month trial of a new company postal system.

Up to date and highly efficient this system has been extremely satisfactory and has eliminated the excessive handling of mail before reaching the addressee.

The new system was worked out by the mail order of the 24th Company, Furman C. Barst, and the company commander, Lt. P. M. Schilling. It originally consisted of replacing a regulation door with a bank window installation. Since the first few days of the experiment the idea has expanded. The miniature post office has been equipped with a set of alphabetical boxes, scales to weigh both first class mail and parcel post, sorting table, re-addressing board and table, high stool, plenty of pens and ink, added mail box space, and lockers for protection of undelivered mail.

ONE-LINE PRINCIPLE The system, itself, was formulated by the company commander on the "one line" principle. Since the student motor mechanics who are members of the organization must wait in line for meals, it was an added hardship to "sweat out" letters at mail call. The men leave the mess-hall in small groups; they can very easily be handled at the postal window in the "country post office" style.

The mail orderly quickly masters the art of knowing the men who have mail each day, and as each man sees his name he can hand them the letters personally.

The system has other advantages, too. It eliminates the necessity for handling the mail in any place other than the mail room; it speeds up the distribution because it is regulated and controlled by the fact that men leave the mess-hall in small groups; it permits the security of mail until actual delivery; it offers weighing and handling facilities, thereby allowing the men more time for study or recreation. Since the company mail room has been furnished with stamps, getting excused to "go up to the post office to get this letter (or package) mailed" is a thing of the past.

Seattle, Washington State, Or Dontcha Know?

CAP. J. H. GULF Div. Surg. Office 10th Armored Div.

My wife, God bless her, loves to talk about anything and everything and all the time, but she usually manages to switch the conversation during an evening from war, politics, ration points, and bridge to the subject of the "Northwest Playground," Seattle, Washington, in particular, our abode before peregrinating to Fort Benning. Of course, I am fond of the place myself and have no objections to her laudatory boasting of the city and its environs; nevertheless, having heard her platitudes repeatedly asserted, I must admit the subject is repulsive to my mood at times.

Naturally, I finally objected, and for three weeks, she morosely

limited her Seattle (chamber of commerce) speech to the succinct phrase, "Yes, it is a grand place to live" for which I was very grateful.

But curse that man who one night maliciously introduced her as Mrs. X, the woman from Sea Island, (Georgia).

Now she feels that perhaps many other people also have incorrectly understood her to say "Sea Island instead of Seattle," and she is determined to undo that mistake. So I, poor husband, am again back in the groove, apathetically listening to her vicerious descriptions of Seattle, but with the added laconic phrase, "It's in the State of Washington, you know!"

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Sgt. and Mrs. Harris Announce Son's Birth

Sgt. and Mrs. Richard Harris of Baker Village, Columbus, Ga., announce the birth of a son, Richard Ernest, at City Hospital on April 7.

Sgt. Harris is in the Military Personnel Office, Post Headquarters, Fort Benning. Mrs. Harris is the former Jeanette Schleming of 237 Loring Avenue, Buffalo, New York. Before being inducted into the Army, Sgt. Harris was connected with Sears, Roebuck and Company of Buffalo.

COAST GUARD BARRACKS, San Francisco, Calif. — The "largest flag in the world" was displayed at Kezar Stadium during the 18th Annual Shrine All-Star East-West football contest. 128 feet long and 75 feet wide, the mammoth "Old Glory" stretched from one 30 yard line to the other and was supported in the center by nine men who marched with their heads protruding through the flag.



Let's Have A Party!

That's a suggestion anyone likes to hear but then comes the question of where? The answer to that is simple to those who know about Hayes' Restaurant... Because there's where you find those 'really delicious' steaks, real country fried chicken, Southern style, and every other kind of meat or poultry. Also, Hayes' has those tempting appetizers to add zest to any meal and joy to the occasion!

HAYES' RESTAURANT

BROADWAY AT DILLINGHAM ACROSS THE STREET FROM HOWARD BUS STATION

The rest-pause that refreshes

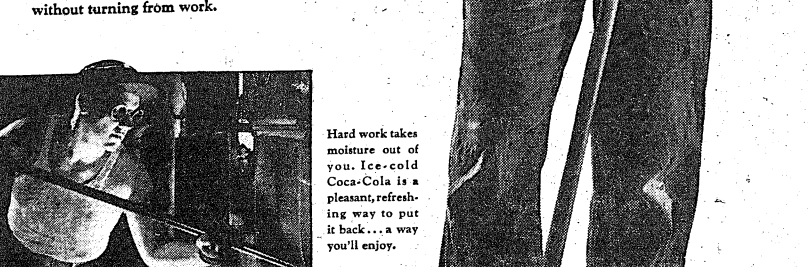
Welcome in peace... more welcome in war work

IN letter after letter from war plants and factories, I managers write in to tell how important they consider Coca-Cola in providing energizing refreshment for workers... in helping output and morale. Of course, workers in war plants welcome a rest-pause... with ice-cold Coca-Cola to make it the pause that refreshes.

Ice-cold Coca-Cola quenches thirst. But it goes further to add pure, wholesome refreshment that you feel and enjoy. Made with a finished art, Coca-Cola has a taste all its own... a goodness you always welcome.

Popularity with war-workers has made Coca-Cola the symbol of the rest-pause. And remember: only The Coca-Cola Company produces Coca-Cola.

Letters from plant managers from coast to coast emphasize that the little moment for an ice-cold Coca-Cola means a lot to workers in war plants. It's a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things... a way to turn to refreshment without turning from work.



A breathing spell, a rest-pause and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

Drink Coca-Cola TRADE-MARK Delicious and Refreshing

5¢ The best is always the better buy!

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Three Hospital Trains Prepare For Vital Work

Personnel Receiving Advanced Training In Care of Injured

Preparing for important service overseas, three hospital trains similar to those which played effective in the first World War, are now undergoing intensive training at the Post for the vital work which lies ahead of them.

Three units, whose personnel is now receiving advanced training at their quarters in the Pine Grove area, are the 23rd Hospital, commanded by Captain Edward Shires, and the 24th headed by Major Glen E. Burbridge.

Actually complete and well equipped mobile hospitals for use in or out of a theater of war, these hospital trains would be used in a foreign area of operations in medical units to an evacuation hospital, to an embarkation port. Similarly, such units would transport wounded men from hospital to hospital in this country.

TRAIN MEANS TRAIN
Unlike the practice in other military units, the term "train" is used in connection with these medical units which are as much in civilian parlance, that is, a number of railway cars drawn by a locomotive.

Units which contain operating rooms, kitchens and shower room, and ward cars housing 32 beds each in double bunks.

After they had proved so valuable to the United States Army in World War I, the War Department has since kept one of them in commission at Carlisle Barracks, Penn. This train formed the nucleus or prototype of present hospital trains which have been activated, including the three at Fort Benning.

LEND-LEASE REVERSED
While it cannot be stated how many of these trains are in use overseas, it was announced in a recent issue of the British Journal that the British government recently turned over one of its own hospital trains to the American forces operating in the Kingdom, this action constituting a typical instance of lending-lease operating in reverse.

Major Burbridge, commander of the 24th Hospital Train and a graduate of Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska, practices medicine in Logan, Utah, and one half year preceding his call to active service with the rank of first lieutenant in 1914.

First Lieutenant John B. Wilkes, who heads the 21st Train is a graduate of Vanderbilt University and held a residency in Orthopedic Surgery which he left to join the armed forces.

AMONG THE PINES
The three hospital train units are situated among the pines which give the name of Pine Grove to that area, and the most important military unit there is a more personal and familiar atmosphere than is possible in a large barracks.

The orderly quarters of the 23rd Train, for example, contains various pictures in pastel which are the work of Sergeant Warner Hensel. The sergeant, who is a valetudinarian from an illness, some time back, experimented with finger painting in the medium of pastel and has developed considerable proficiency in this field.

Listeners to the March 5 broadcast of "Fort Benning on the Air" heard the performance of the excellent pianist, Corporal Sheldon Smith, who is a member of the 24th Hospital train. Corporal Smith's entertainment was so successful, in fact that he has been asked to make return engagements on this same program in the near future.

RECRUITED PERSONNEL
The personnel of the three mobile units has been recruited to a great extent from those with previous hospital experience. Others, while lacking such, signified a desire to join the medical corps and thus have an aptitude for their present work.

Besides the male personnel each of the three trains has as an integral part six female nurses.

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Advanced AST Men To Keep Their Grades

Soldiers in Basic Courses Assigned Private's Rating

All enlisted men finally selected for advanced courses in the Army Specialized Training Program will be assigned to schools in their current grades, although those in the basic courses will continue to be assigned in grade seven—or private, according to information received by Brig. Gen. Walter S. Fulton, commanding general of the post.

This information supercedes previous directives which specified that assignment of all men selected for the program in grade seven, whether assigned to the advanced or the basic courses.

Meanwhile, the War Department has commenced sending out letters to qualified soldiers outlining the purposes, needs and benefits of the program, according to Lieut. Robert Weiland, classification officer, and Salvador Liosa, station director of the ASTP. The letter, prepared by Colonel Herman Keukema, director of the ASTP in Washington, D. C., is being sent to all enlisted men with grades of private or higher in the Army general classification test.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY
Success in these courses," the letter states, "will assure the soldier that he possesses the educational requirements of Officer Candidate School. It further points out that men selected for the courses, which are being given in various colleges throughout the country, will be given the opportunity to develop to the fullest whatever native skills they may have.

Realizing that two out of every three men in both combat and non-combat service in a modern army must be specialists of one kind or another, the letter declares that "a serious and constantly increasing shortage of certain types of highly developed commissioned specialists must now be met if the armies of the United States are to reach the desired peak of efficiency."

One of the initiators of the program, a high school graduate, was immediately ordered to the Station Hospital at Fort Benning where he remained until his activation last November.

13th Company Second Regiment Has Luminaries
The 13th Company in the Second Student Training Regiment boasts a collection of luminaries, one of whom can reflect a share of fame on the organization.

One of its outstanding stars was a recent associate of Orson Welles, as writer, actor and director in his latest South American tour. Another is a former Hollywood actor, a specialist in the medium of silent film.

Still another was a former reporter of Paul Gallico's sports department in the New York Daily News and one of the initiators of the nationally famous Golden Gloves and Silver Skates tournaments. He also was the eastern champion of the 1929-30 season.

The ranks are further swelled by a former member of the Chicago Cattle Exchange, the western counterpart of the New York Stock Exchange, and another is a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, who came through his bloody years with honor and distinction as a member of the famous International LITERARY LIGHTS.

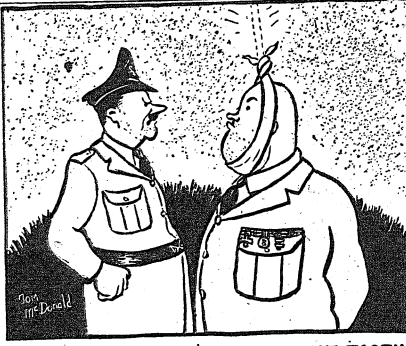
The literary lights are no less brilliant, with one author of eight action, one special feature writer for some of our leading magazines, and a handful of veteran newshawks, representing some of the best of the press.

His record on the ranges are well in keeping with his personnel. On the rifle range it attained the highest record of 20 Experts and 35 Sharpshooters out of a class of 160 students. There were only six per cent of the class who failed to qualify. Col. Reed was individual high with 313 out of a possible 340.

In the light machine gun, the 13th Company had a piston average of expert, with one of the lowest averages of failures on record: .018. OC Rozelle B. Brazley took individual high honors.

Those of the 21st are commanded by Lieut. L. J. Rammedel, who heads the 23rd and Lieutenant Mary Foley is chief of the 24th Company.

Now in their final stages of advanced training these railway hospitals will shortly be engaged in the actual work of easing the lot of those American soldiers who are injured on the fighting fronts.



Filipino Declares Army Is Fastest Route Home

Fastest way home to his wife and children lies in the U. S. Army, believes Alberto C. Elefano, 31-year-old second lieutenant of the Philippine Army now taking the rifle and heavy weapons course in the 14th Company, Third Student Training Regiment.

Lieutenant Elefano arrived at this conclusion sometime even before terminating a position in the animal husbandry department at the University of Maryland and applied for active duty with the U. S. forces. He still is a member of the Philippine Army but he has filed application for transfer to this nation's army and hopes to get it in a few days.

He last heard from relatives at home in November and he is especially anxious to see for the first time the younger of his two children, born while the lieutenant was on his way to this country. His other child is three. Mrs. Elefano remained in the Philippines because her husband was originally slated to remain in this country for only a year.

EX-SOUND TECHNICIAN HANDLED GWTW FILM
Laird Met Many Hollywood Beauties During Movie Career
Envy of all his fellow officer candidates of the 13th Company of the Third Student Training Regiment is Edward R. Laird, who can talk glibly of his friendships with many of Hollywood's beautiful actresses.

Before entering the Army two years ago, Candidate Laird spent four years as a sound technician with the Technicolor Motion Picture Laboratory and had a hand in the filming of color pictures of the major studios. He assisted in the coordination of the sound track with the color negative, collaborating with the sound men of the producing companies.

Laird's biggest assignment was on "Gone With the Wind," a job that lasted almost two years. He handled \$4,000,000 worth of film, covering every foot of the four-hour picture to make certain that Vivien Leigh's voice did not come from the screen in bass tones and that Clark Gable would sound like a he-man.

The candidate will be graduated from officers' school May 29, should he successfully complete the course. Before coming to Fort Benning, he was a staff sergeant in the 184th Infantry.

WE WHO WILL NOT STAY
Here's to those who went before. Those who have gone today. And, here's to those who are as I, We, who will not stay.

We all have loved ones dear to us. The ones who loved me here, We go for life and liberty, that they may live sans fear.

This is the end of tyranny. This is the end of crusade. We are the Knights of Mercy, And we are not afraid.

To those we leave behind us, Look forward to that day, Carry on in life for us, We, who will not stay.

A WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT HARRY JONES BARBER SHOP
Waverly Hotel Bldg.

AT HOME AND FOUNTAIN PEPSI-COLA
TOPS EM ALL! 5¢
PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF COLUMBUS, GA.
325 Front Avenue Dial 3-1452

An Army Wife Shops in Columbus

By Phyllis

Importance has a new meaning today are guns, ships, planes, man-hours in war plants. Winning the war is the most essential thing of all. Important things today too, are your Nurse's Aide cap, your ration books, home maintenance is just plain living. Keeping your best foot forward can be such a simple matter if you plan your time accordingly. Whether you are living in a one-room paradise or a southern mansion, keep organized and don't let all your duties add up so you're always in a dither. Systematizing your war work, shopping and "playtime" is the key to a smooth-running household and will pay you handsome dividends.—P. B. T.

Now that the hot sun has been beating down, we once again have that seasonal urge to wear cool and comfortable clothes. KIRALFY'S has a multitudinous assortment of washable play suits in many suitable summer shades. You may choose several in crisp pique, chambray, seersucker or spun rayon. One lovely model is a smooch shapkin combined with washable tulle. Comfortable shorts are attached to the shirt top so you'll have no worries about the two becoming separated. With the simple addition of a matching skirt, you'll be suitably dressed to do your shopping or daytime visiting and none will know you're actually wearing shorts underneath your well-fitting skirt. Frilly little pinafores formerly were exclusively children's apparel, but presently they are the latest rage for youngsters and older alike. And no wonder! They're so comfortable and convenient to slip on either to protect your Sunday-best dress or make you feel really pretty or make you go about your daily duties. These pinafores are displayed in chambray, gingham and seersucker. One of Kiralfy's black, green or royal blue checked taffeta eyecatchers really will give you a becoming look of sophisticated innocence.

One of the most treasured memories one has as a parent of persons dear to him. Similarly, there could be no more appropriate gift for your mother this coming Mother's Day on May 9 than a fine photograph of you. Already scores of thoughtful sons and daughters have benefited by the excellent craftsmanship of the AIME DUPONT STUDIO in Columbus. This renowned studio boasts—and well they might—of the skilled photographic technicians whose work is the most minute detail. If you choose to have a photograph taken, and this is a most timely occasion to do so, by all means visit Dupont's. I warn you, though, it will not be a matter of a five minute undertaking to have your photograph produced at this studio. In order to attain the best results, the photographers will prove their dexterity as they test you for the best pose, make an appropriate number of proofs, and then prepare a finished photograph.

On Mother's Day, though, you may rest assured that your parents will have received a gift which will be cherished for years to come.

Spring brings a rush of weddings. The KAYSER-LIEN-THAL, INC. HAT SHOP is really headquarters in Columbus for the bride-to-be. The shop has a fine assortment of hats for bridesmaids, brides, and bridesmaids. The shop has a fine assortment of hats for bridesmaids, brides, and bridesmaids. The shop has a fine assortment of hats for bridesmaids, brides, and bridesmaids.

While we're all selecting new ensembles for Easter, let us not forget the youngsters. The KAYSER-LIEN-THAL, INC. HAT SHOP has a fine assortment of hats for children. The shop has a fine assortment of hats for children. The shop has a fine assortment of hats for children.

SEARS ROEBUCK AND CO. has long been the haven of mothers who are doing their best to keep up with their growing youngsters' clothing needs. Practical wash dresses in your daughter's delight are in the store. You can find deep-hems which will be so simple to "let down" should she suddenly decide to sprout a few inches. Serviceable cotton ankle socks are featured in all summer shades to match these dresses. Tiny boys feel comfy and look as clean in washable cotton suits. Green, red, tan, blue or striped shorts buttoned conveniently to matching shirts. Perhaps you can find just at the betwixt and between age. He has an idea he'd be king of the neighborhood if he just had a pair of long trousers. You, on the other hand, know he has still a few more years to go until that happy day.

Whether you're a brand new bride, a young married, or a desirable dandy, you'll cherish the allurement of White Orchid Perfume by Elizabeth Arden. At the perfume counter of J. A. KIRVEN CO. are other inviting scents to suit your every mood. Ciro's

Dresses, hats, trousers, shoes and underthings, even pyjamas and nightgowns are special values in this store which will make your pre-Easter shopping for the children a simple matter indeed.

Just Easter greeting can be your Easter card which will be cherished with other prized mementos in a May Day card book. Printing white cards with appropriate decorations will express the true meaning of Easter in care and thought both you like. One especially lovely card I noticed at WHITE'S BOOK STORE was a card which was artistically clad in his white surplus. A few nicely etched Easter lilies at his feet are the only other decoration. The excellent artwork on this tastefully created card makes it especially appropriate for one who has an appreciation of fine artwork. Other cards colored, but not blatantly so, are results of painstaking work in the decoration and verse. The same excellent work is noticeable in many Mother's Day cards displayed in White's collection. Life-like pansies, violets and other spring flowers in a combination of colors and etching design are the highlights of many of the cards. Whatever type cards you wish will be happy to find you in this immense display. All you have to do it to meander around to your cart, content and pick them out.

Weddings, Easter, Mother's Day and the usual stream of social occasions seem to call for busy shopping for unusual and attractive gifts. You'll enjoy browsing among the numerous items in MAX ROSENBERG CO. at 1239 Broadway which are laden with gifts of every sort. You'll discover many decorative items, a fine glass, crystal of the finest type, demitasse cups and other elegant crystal ash trays. Plates, glassware, Currier and Ives prints would make appropriate and thoughtful presents. Giving perhaps a few pairs of shaving brushes, leather make-up box will cause, I'm sure, endless "thank you" and blessings to shower down upon you. If you're not sure just what you're seeking, then on seeing the shining hammer of C. P. P. W. A. E. jewelry, and knock-knock you'll have no trouble making up your mind. Especially colorful and practical china sets of good design are those created by the famous Russell Wright. These range from dainty, pink, maroon or yellow sets of 20 pieces each are real bargains and are just what you've wanted to make your temporary housekeeping a bit more like home.

That old adage about "All work and no play" is probably more important today than it has been in the past. During the war stress and strain of long, arduous hours, there is a definite need for all of us to have some recreation. Physical fitness is an important aspect of the war effort. During the war stress and strain of long, arduous hours, there is a definite need for all of us to have some recreation. Physical fitness is an important aspect of the war effort.

Lately I've been listening to many a monotonous tale about the scarcity of toasters and various other household wares. MONTGOMERY WARD has

toasters and sandwich grills for those of you who have been missing your toast in beds with that stoned cup of coffee these past mornings. Furthermore, your one cup of coffee will taste just the way you like it if you let it drip properly using a new glass Silex. In this basement section of the store are Pyrex ovenware suitable for baking, cooking, mixing, storing food in your refrigerator. Using Pyrex is a much cleaner, more satisfactory way of preparing food than using crockery and enamelware. Summer finds us all eating crisp salads and fresh fruits for dessert. Attractive glass salad services, complete with glass spoons and forks, and matched dishes for deserts, will brighten up your meal throughout the long hot season ahead. Many other household necessities are displayed in the store. The variety of goods is so large that it is impossible to list them all. Important hard goods in homes which are blessed with phonographs are recalled by a variety of artists. In addition to the unexcelled collection of records and phonograph equipment, Humes has several bargains in used pianos, both uprights and grands, which have been recently overhauled. These include Steinways, Knabes, and Chickering. Also on display is a five o'clock shadow razor, used, which has been factory reconditioned: a treasure for a music lover. A fine assortment of instruments. Music devotees: stop in at 1219 Broadway.

With the debut of spring and the famous warm Southern nights, it becomes ever more important to have a good mattress on which to sleep. There's nothing like spending hot nights, tossing and turning in a hard, lumpy mattress. As we've done it! There's no need for anyone else to do it though since H. ROTHSCCHILD, known as Russell Wright. These prayers. A large array of "clouds of comfort", which definitely are the quality mattresses of which you've been dreaming, is on display at this store. Covered with patterned heavy damask or woven tickings in blue, green, grey, the mattresses will please the most discriminating. This merchandise has been made to last for years and not just for the night. Fine workmanship is evident in these mattresses which are so manufactured that they cannot become saggy. After a long night of enjoying the luxury of a new mattress, you will eagerly look forward to a "thousand and one" nights of comfort.

After breezing through these several popular Columbus stores, there's really no more pleasant a rendezvous in this city to stop, chat, and have a bite to eat than the modern CITY PHARMACY, 14 - 13th street, across from the Waverly Hotel. Here, in this spick-and-span store, the friendly Miss Virginia offers delectable delicacies for luncheon or a frosty drink to "cool down" the heat of the day. The Shopper's Tea, which draws many of us afterwards as we shop in Columbus, is the prompt, courteous service afforded one and all. In this day of haste and hurry, it is a pleasure to find a place where the capacity of any establishment, it is pleasing to note that this place is just what you need. Here, too, is a complete drug department to care for your most exacting needs. The variety of goods is so large that it is impossible to list them all. Important hard goods in homes which are blessed with phonographs are recalled by a variety of artists. In addition to the unexcelled collection of records and phonograph equipment, Humes has several bargains in used pianos, both uprights and grands, which have been recently overhauled. These include Steinways, Knabes, and Chickering. Also on display is a five o'clock shadow razor, used, which has been factory reconditioned: a treasure for a music lover. A fine assortment of instruments. Music devotees: stop in at 1219 Broadway.

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Noted Writer Visits Benning

Adela St. Johns Here To Gather Material

Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous newspaper writer, radio commentator, novelist and author of so many short stories that even she has stopped counting, is making the rounds of Fort Benning this week, gathering material for her book-length story, "The Ladies Home Journal," which she is writing for the magazine. She is here to gather material for a book-length story, "The Ladies Home Journal," which she is writing for the magazine.

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Arabs Moosh Cigarettes From Yanks Under Fire

War, despite the thunder, the dust, the wailing of bullets, often times develops its humorous bent as tales are unfolded by those who like to spread the word to other fellows bunk and recount biographies. So it was that Lt. Leif Wild, a student in the First Student Training Regiment, came to relate the story about cigarettes, Arabs and bullets.

As is well known, Arabs have an unquenchable longing for American tailored cigarettes. This longing occasionally becomes so strong in the individual that he becomes impervious to surrounding dangers and systematically sets about the business of mooching a bag.

On one particular African terrain problem, involving live ammo and live enemy, Lt. Wild's platoon was seeking to make unobtainable, by accurate rifle fire, a certain portion of brick wall located about 250 yards to their front.

Suddenly a wandering group of benighted Arabs discovered the American platoon and set about the business of mooching. They would stoop to a man hidden behind a blade or two of grass and, squatting down beside him, would in a give-away-cigarette frame of mind.

Upon being told by the individual to "get the H. out of here, there's a war on," they would loudly start praying to Allah that all Americans be protected from the bullets of their enemies. Between the zizz of the bullets and the chant of the sons of Allah it was not long before the Americans were in a give-away-cigarette frame of mind.

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Thru-

(Continued from Page 1) 18 to 35 draft age face immediate re-classification as national draft officials are preparing a general revision of the whole Selective Service System. About 3,000,000 married men with no children, now in deferred draft classifications probably will be shifted to 1-A status.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox warned that "The worst of this war lies ahead of us," and stated that the number of war-fleet will be more than doubled in 1943, with emphasis being placed on airplane carriers.

Virginia-

(Continued from Page 1) ginia Infantry was redesignated as the 17th Infantry and on March 3, 1941, it was inducted into Federal service. It achieved such a fine record during the Army maneuvers in give-away-cigarette frame of mind.

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Philippines-

(Continued from Page 1) The Philippines in the defense of the American flag and the principles of government it respects. "These men endured the unspeakable suffering of Bataan and Corregidor, and in the process, they had faith in the ultimate victory of the United Nations. Towards the middle of June the Japanese started to become joy. At first the rations were reduced to two meals a day; later to one meal a day. Medical supplies, food, and ammunition ran low. Their endurance was becoming weak, but they kept on fighting; they never lost faith in the country whose flag they proudly kept flying from Corregidor until the very end—when hunger and sickness forced them to surrender.

"I hope that the knowledge of this suffering of those boys who kept on fighting when everything was against them will inspire every American citizen to a greater determination to conquer the Philippines and to crush the enemy once and for all. Let this be our pledge: 'We are going back to Bataan!'"

Catholics-

(Continued from Page 1) It will be necessary to present a baptismal certificate, Chaplain said. The boys in the country whose flag they proudly kept flying from Corregidor until the very end—when hunger and sickness forced them to surrender.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Go without a little SHARE THE MEAT

so he can have enough

OBJECTIVE: To kill the Black Market in order to insure the proper distribution of meat and butter at no more than ceiling prices and thereby help the rationing plan to work smoothly; to establish and maintain the largest ration shares possible; to protect the nation's health against unsanitary meat.

In America today, there are traitorous individuals who place profits above patriotism—even at the cost of war production and American lives.

These individuals are Black Market operators. Since civilian demand and war time needs have exceeded the supply and civilian earnings have increased—Black Markets have flourished.

Black market prices have skyrocketed. Distribution has become uneven. Our fighting forces have been shorted of vitally needed supplies. Their rubber requirements have been sharply curtailed. Our army and our fighting allies are being cheated out of "fighting equipment" by some on the "Home Front."

Our war workers, too, are being cheated out of their fair shares. Honest producers and dealers are losing their trade to racketeers.

The Black Market in meat has become alarmingly serious. Its consequences are lengthening the war and losing lives. For meat is a fighting food. It is a part of a fighting man's diet which gives him the energy to smash the enemy. When food supplies fail, offensives turn into retreats. Victories change to defeats.

These "fighting foods" are important on the home front, too. Meat "sticks to your ribs" for a full day—or night—of hard labor. It gives you that "extra something" to work harder, faster, longer. A poorly fed worker may mean one less tank forth on the march, during breaks and at night in the barracks. Even the G. T. who have sailed to the front, serenading, suffering instructors maintain.

Another serious consequence of Black Market meat is the health aspect. It can be, and often is, meat slaughtered under unsanitary conditions. Already, illness has been traced to Black Market meat in some sections of the country.

By never paying more than the ceiling price for meat, housewives can assist in nailing another corner down on the Black Market coffin.

Because we are at war, victory requires price control of foods—they are battle ammunition. With the government's huge purchases and an increased civilian demand, an abnormal price rise would be inevitable unless checked. That is the reason for ceiling prices—and price control. An outline of the price regulations for the commodities rationed in this program is given below.

PORK—Effective April 1st, pork retail ceiling prices were made identical at all independent retail stores doing less than \$250,000 per year and same at all chains or independents doing more than \$250,000 in each of 11 zones. Retailers must display the ceiling price poster furnished by the government and may sell only the official cuts as designated.

RETAIL PRICES FOR PORK SAUSAGE, CANNED PORK AND ALL VARIETY MEAT, until changed, are subject to the general Maximum Price Regulation—the highest prices charged in March, 1942. BEEF, VEAL—The retail prices of beef and veal, now subject to the general Maximum Price Regulation, are to be given flat retail prices by zones within a few weeks.

LAMB AND MUTTON—The retail ceiling prices of Lamb and Mutton are subject to Regulation 239 which establishes ceilings at the highest prices sold by each retailer (1) For Lamb during the period July 27 to July 31, 1942. (2) For Mutton, during the period September 28 to October 2, 1942.

1. LET'S STAMP OUT BLACKMARKETS! Conscientious use of the Red Stamps is the surest way to lick the Black Market.

2. A BLACKMARKET IS A BACKOUT OF PATRIOTISM! A dealer who is willing to sell you any rationed product without stamps is a racketeer and people who buy from him are his partners in crime. They take more than their fair share. They cheat our fighters and workers of their fair share. They are enemies of our country.

3. WE WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF OUR MEAT—NOT ON IT! We want to get the greatest good for the most people from our available meat supply. The greatest health for our civilians; the greatest strength for our fighters. No decent citizen would profit from the lives of men who are fighting for him!

4. WE DON'T WANT THIS KIND OF MEAT STRETCHER. This child is dead. Because he was hungry. Hungry enough to eat meat placed before him on the dinner table. He was too young to know about the danger of tainted meat, unsanitary blackmarkets, etc.

5. ONE WAY TO "CARRY" GERMS If you are buying any good meat, from honest dealers, and in return for ration stamps, you may be packing unclean meat into your children's lunchboxes.

RED ROSE

Meat for fighters first... Meat for civilians next

Meat for fighters first... Meat for civilians next

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Col. Tibbets Visits Post

Piloted Movie Stars To Tunisian Front

After having seen action in England and Africa, and piloting the plane which took Martha Raye and Kay Francis to the Tunisian battlefield, Lt. Col. Paul W. Tibbets, formerly stationed at Lawson Field with the 97th Observation Squadron, has returned for a brief visit.

While in England this 28 year old colonel participated in nine raids over the continent, including both Germany and France. Following this he went to Africa where he took part in seventeen more engagements. In the latter sector he served as special staff consultant of 8-17 heavy bombardment planes to Major General "Jimmie" Doolittle.

WON MEDALS
Colonel Tibbets did not speak of the actions which won for him the Air Medal with three clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross with one cluster and the Purple Heart. However, he stated modestly that his group flew Flying Fortresses at altitudes of more than 20,000 feet over enemy targets in the Tunisian sector with exceptionally satisfactory results.

He was ordered home in February but before returning was chosen to fly the seven screen stars, Martha Raye and Kay Francis, to the African battlefield, where they performed for Allied soldiers.

At present Col. Tibbets is stationed at Orleans, Fla., testing new Army heavy bombardment planes.

He is married to the former Miss Lucy Wingate of Columbus, Ga., and has one child, a two year old son, Paul W. Tibbets, 3rd.

Downtown Billenting Office Abolished

The Fort Benning billenting office located in downtown Columbus has been abolished, Brig. Gen. Walter S. Fulton, commanding general of the post, announced.

All business of the billenting office will be transacted at the office of Lt. John A. White at main post headquarters.

Civilians of Columbus and all military and civilian personnel stationed at Fort Benning must contact Lieutenant White by calling Fort Benning, 3305 or 3306.

From Columbus it is just necessary to dial 6631 before asking for Fort Benning operator for the post billenting office number.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. (CNS)—Safecracker invaded the office of an insurance company here and dropped the safe out of an eight-story window, thus cracking it open. They hauled it away to fleece it at their leisure.



1. INTERNE DAYS

2. OFFICE DAYS

3. ARMY DAYS

'Looping the Loop' Plays At Post on April 20-24

Glittering, glamorous, riotous "Looping the Loop," a USO-Camp Shows production, is coming to Fort Benning Tuesday, April 20, for five days, stand, Lt. Col. Charles C. Finnegan, special service officer, announced. The schedule of performances includes shows at 6:45 and 8:45 p. m., Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20 and 21, in the Main Theater, the second show on Wednesday being for colored troops only; 7:30 and 9:30 p. m., Thursday, April 22, in the Main Theater; 7:30 and 9:30 p. m., Friday, April 23, in Theater No. 11; and at 7 and 9 p. m., Saturday, April 24, in Theater No. 4.

The show is a musical comedy featuring a dance routine by a line of high-stepping jodelers; a comedy act by the well-known Carroll and Howe team, Miss Carroll wowing the audience with a series of clever impersonations. **BALLET TAP-DANCER.** Beautiful blonde Alice Kavan is slated to repeat her masterful ballet-tap routines which have delighted audiences at all theaters and clubs all over the country.

Recalling the order as to what to do in such a situation, the company proceeded to fall out into the theater quickly and quietly. Quickly, as you would run Jungle Jim and seventeen obstacle courses carrying a baby, a bomb, a machine gun, a stack of rifles under the stare of the battalion commander. True, there was an occasional subdued utterance which might, without exaggeration, be called an exclamation.

Breathless and a little pale, a G. I. pall, that is, stuck here and there on the lower end of a foot, and with a few special effects, decorations of mop-sting braid. They were alert, ready for action, and prepared to overcome any enemy by the use of sassy water and busby handles. "Come night! But the next day, even the captain said the floor were clean."

And then the lights went out. The show will be free to all military personnel on the post.

Camp Shows Praise SSO

Experience Personnel Handles Tough Chores

One Army camp for which USO-Camp Shows have expressed only admiration for the way in which they were housed, transported and treated in general is Fort Benning, one of the largest military posts in the entire country, where difficulties of transportation and housing are most acute.

The handling of visiting USO-Camp Shows is under the direction of Lt. Col. Charles C. Finnegan, special service officer, Service Branch at Fort Benning. Col. Finnegan was at one time coach at North Dakota State, Fargo, N. D., and a veteran of World War I and has had plenty of experience himself in showmanship.

Then, too, Brig. Gen. Walter S. Fulton, commanding general of the post, realizing what these shows do toward building the morale of his men, is insistent that every possible effort be made to extend to the members of the troupe.

Under such a set-up, Col. Finnegan has always managed to secure men with theatrical experience to handle the difficult assignment of managing the thousands of soldiers who come to camp and keep it running smoothly.

There was, for instance, Sergeant James E. Wicker who was known on Broadway as Jimmie Carr, former stage manager of several hits including "Leave It to Me" and "The Aqueduct" in Cleveland. Jimmie is now a lieutenant and is in charge of a special service unit out on the coast.

Joe E. B. Sturmer, known on Broadway as Barry Williams, now handles the chore. P. C. Sturmer authored the "Sunday Nighters" and "The Straw Hat Revue" and "All In Fun." He is assigned to the show during the entire stay, handles the mail, directs buses from one theatre to another, and arranges billenting.

Columbus generally over-crowded and the troupe cannot be quartered there. Lodgings are found on the post and every facility is made available to the show-folk.

Dressing rooms are always kept clean by details assigned to the theatre staff, under direction of Major James E. Sutton, theatre officer. Stage crews are trained and managed by Sgt. A. Whitson of the Theatre Office.

Every USO-Camp Show that has left Fort Benning has written a letter to Col. Finnegan expressing gratitude for the fine method worked out for handling the show while at this post.

"Blackstone & Company" left the officer's club to step into their buses and leave Benning the entire cast gave three rousing cheers for "Barry" Sturmer to express their feelings for the manner in which he extended himself to make their stay at Benning a pleasant one.

BIRTHDAY PARTY
Little Ann Simpson celebrated her fifth birthday Friday with a party for the entire Nursery School. Fifty-one children with their teachers attended the party.

Games were played and prizes were won by Fay Salmon and Jimmy Thaxton. Spring flowers decorated the play room of the Nursery School and the white birthday cake was decorated with pink and green rosebuds. Mrs. James Cox assisted Mrs. R. H. Simpson in entertaining. Ice cream and cake were served.

HEIR-RAID
Compiled by Sgt. Peter Lorino
April 21, 1945
T-5 and Mrs. Salvador Gabriel, boy, 4, 1st Lt. and Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, boy, 4, 1st Lt. and Mrs. M. K. Hanson, 10 Roper, have returned from a visit in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Capt. and Mrs. William Gardner, 14 Keatinge, are visiting relatives in Miami this week. Sgt. and Mrs. Wilson Harpe, 135A, are the proud parents of a daughter born at the Station Hospital, April 1. The little lady has been named Rosanne Elizabeth.

Mrs. J. D. Beck, 34A, is visiting relatives in Gadsden, Ala., this week. S. Sgt. and Mrs. Fred J. Cooper, 10B5, announce the birth of a daughter at the Station Hospital. Mrs. Florence Vann is visiting her son and daughter Mr. Sgt. and Mrs. Joe P. Stagner, and Sgt. and Mrs. Frederick Denhoff, 120C, announce the birth of a son on April 1 at the Station Hospital.

Sgt. and Mrs. H. N. Entekrin, 96F, visited their mother in South Carolina last week. **WOMEN'S SOCIETY**
Monday evening the Women's Society of Christian Service met at the local Methodist church and was organized under the leadership of Mrs. Edwin C. Willson. Mrs. A. W. Rees was guest speaker. A social hour followed.

The Rev. Mr. F. Robertson, pastor of the Methodist church, left April 14 to conduct evangelistic services in the First Methodist church in Dublin, Ga. The guest preacher in the Methodist church next Sunday will be the Rev. Mr. Olen C. Cooper who will deliver the morning sermon at 11:30 A. M. and the Rev. Mr. W. E. McElter the evening sermon at 8:30 P. M. **300TH LUNCHEON**
Wives of officers of the 300th Infantry are asked to forget the luncheon Tuesday, April 20, at 1:15 P. M. The luncheon willspace to the souvenir collector.

Drinking Rules Amaze French Officers In U. S.

The company of French officers, now safely in-grooved at the First Student Training Regiment, are not without their sense of humor, despite the seriousness with which they look upon their work at the Infantry School. Attached to a foot locker of one "soldat de guerre" is a ragged newspaper clipping:

UNPLEASANTNESS
Uncle Sam's fighting ships remained on the high seas three weeks and completed a ten-thousand mile sweep. When we consider that the distance between Hawaii and Tokyo is 4,000 miles, the Japanese may easily understand how they are subject to unpleasant visits right across their own front door by the American Asiatic fleet and her increasingly formidable air escort.

And all this has taken place while Japan, with years of preparation was at the peak of her air and naval strength, which she is exhausting day by day in the theater of war, and while the U. S. has hardly begun to rearm on a large scale and after it suffered the unforeseen damage inflicted in the criminal Japanese aggression of the 7th of December, 1941.

Today's situation will very soon be improved to the advantage of the United States and the longer the war lasts the more will America's superproduction outdistance the small production of Japan and the Axis, thus giving the Allies absolute superiority, particularly in the air and on the sea which are the important elements of decisive victory.

MAN'T MATCH US
It has been ascertained that America—"quel pays entonnant"—a funny country—Yes?

MAJOR PICKENS

The promotion of Captain William L. Pickens, executive officer of the Third Student Training Regiment, to the rank of major was announced recently.

Happier Days in Offing After the War Is Won

SGT. A. J. GALLO, 55th Armored Engineer Battalion 10th Arm. Div.

The American people who, had been repeatedly warned of the pessimistic turn of events, are encouraged and gratified by the magnificent and successful raid of our Asiatic fleet against the Japanese fleet, which cost the Japanese the total destruction of 22 naval vessels, and 55 aeroplanes.

It is evident that Japan, who concentrated all her efforts against the Philippines, Singapore, Dutch East Indies, and Guadalcanal, could not strengthen the defenses of all her possessions scattered in the vast Pacific. And a surprise attack such as that prepared and boldly carried out by the valiant Vice-Admiral Halsey, found her unprepared against this counter-move and exposed her to considerable losses.

This offensive operation of the American fleet must be cited not only for its immediate advantages, but it represents a grave warning to the Japanese who too soon and too superficially imagined the possibility of completely dominating the Pacific by expelling the English, the Americans and their Allies.

Let us therefore give all we can, in perfect unity and discipline, to America—men, labor and money, so that victory may be hastened for our good and for the good of the people who look upon America's triumph as upon the dawn of a new era which promises happier days for humanity, now again tortured by the destruction of this war brought about by ambitious and blind dreamers of bloodier plunder, of greater dictatorships and of more horrible oppression.

Japan cannot produce in a year the 5000 planes which American plants will turn out every month during the current year. The Ford plant alone, is producing a four-motored bomber every hour.

And in what part of the world can ships be built with the proven speed of American shipyards? It is merely a question of time. More precisely it is a matter of making up a great deal of time lost in the hope of avoiding this war of destruction. But as to the final result, for their own independence and for the independence of the people set upon by the aggression of the new barbarians of the East and of the West.

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2nd STR Unit 100 Per Cent In Life Insurance

Here is a record for other companies at Fort Benning to shoot at. It is a 100 per cent buyline in complete and maximum coverage in Army life insurance.

The record was made in the Second Student Training Regiment by the 15th Company, commanded by Lt. Norman P. Patterson, with Lt. Hugh T. Foster as insurance officer. Each and every officer and officer candidate in the company now holds \$10,000 worth of National Service Life Insurance.

"It didn't require any job or selling at all," Lt. Foster said. "We simply told the men about the insurance and that we would put their applications through."

The total figures for March in the Second Student Training Regiment show \$37,173,500 worth of insurance held, as compared with \$35,923,500 in February. Percentage of men in the regiment holding insurance also rose from 76.3 in February to 84.2 in March.

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